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POEMS.

By JOHN LOWE, Jun.
of
MANCHESTER.

Manchester,
Printed for the Author, by R. & W. Dean & Co.
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1803.

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PREFACE.

To my worthy Friend and Patron.

PERMIT me, dear Sir, to dedicate these fugitive pieces to one I esteem so much; a spirit of any pretension to honour and independancy, cannot perform adulations at the feet of wealth or pride, although the unhappy effect of mistaken luxury, in civilized Europe, bows the neck of the world to those idols; but wherever virtue and merit are discovered united, at such a shrine no one pays a more willing obeisance than myself—And why should not mankind venerate such gifts as are eternal and useful?

To you I owe it, that these petit productions of my leisure evening hours are in print. You said, and you said truly, after you had heard me read you parts of the arduous undertaking I have for many years been engaged in, I mean my Epic Poem—"*That it "was next to an impossibility for any man, so far to*

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*" divest himself of the love natural for his own pro-
" ductions, as to be able to appreciate true merit:
" that the ordeal of a public trial was necessary:
" where nothing could subsist but what was pure!"
I felt the force of your argument greatly, and after a considerable, though silent and humiliating reflection, was convinced that my* Epic Poem, *though undertaken by ambitious wishes of doing some good to my fellow-countrymen; and although the product of many midnight hours, might have no intrinsic value, nor be productive of any other good than having afforded myself enlarged notions of the Deity, men and things, with a solace inestimable in those hours of affliction and misfortune, that I* sometimes think *I have known too many of. Why did you then in after conversations speak with enthusiasm of the detached parts I had the pleasure to lay before you? Was it vile and prostituted meanness? No! no! I know my Friend already too well, not to spurn such an idea back to the darkness it sprung from. You wisely encouraged and yet guarded me by the circumspection of an able prudence: you again pointed at that mediocrity of conduct on which every thing that is perfect depends. You urged me to publish some of the small pieces, on various subjects, which you had heard, that from the reception of these I might judge, and perchance if*

these were thought well of, meet a more powerful patron for the publication of the Epic.

Yet it becomes me to apologise for the numerous imperfections of this Volume,—they were individually wrote upon various occasions, without the least intention of ever printing them. I am conscious that my rhyme is not smooth as I could wish, but as my efforts have cantinually been employed upon blank verse, on account of my Epic Poem, *I trust my confession will be a reasonable apology to the critics.—Of these effusions of an untutored muse, I am free to say, that which most meets my approbation is the Serious Pastoral, which gave birth to a thought I once had of delineating, in a series of Pastoral Poems, the nature, customs, and opinions of the chief nations on the Ancient and Modern earth:—yet my partiality for this itself no doubt has proceeded from egotism, for I well remember it was the effervescence of my soul, under one of the most cruel and unjust accusations that ever an injured Englishman suffered.* " A False accusation " is more bitter than death "—*Vide Solomon. I am aware of the great difficulty of an Ancient Pastoral; but if a degree of justice is done in the description to the known geography of the times, to the manners local or acquired, opinions of the characters in-*

troduced, their local nouns, their knowledge in ethics, in history, in pharmacy, in arts, with their domestic customs, cookery, and the appendaged traditions of their fathers, and the poets; I am assured much more is done, than when fine words flow along the lines abundant in boundless number, but uninteresting as the great Pacific in a glossy calm.

*Many of my opinions I know will appear novel and presumptuous, and in particular where I venture foolishly to dispute the Astronomy of Newton; but I had long habituated myself to receive no doctrines or opinions of men as infallible truths, without examining all the controversial points of view they may appear in, most particularly when they tend to establish axioms directly contrary to the truth of scripture. Now, sacred as the name of Sir Isaac is held amongst us, it cannot be denied but that with the best of intentions, unfortunately, his immense retinue of systems has given Deism such deep roots as will take nothing less than mighty earthquakes to pull up! and makes man, and this little world, like an insignificant mite in the sun beams! (I was of Sir Isaac's opinions, and even wrote in support of them! late events have showed me their error!) giving the direct lie to Moses, who asserts**

*Implied, but not verbatim.

" God said all were created that were created for " the alone use of this world, and mankind." *But pray, who told Sir Isaac that the stars were large as suns? was he ever in the council of the Almighty? The argument of Parallax, and mathematical demonstration, is all guess-work! Grant our sun to be only a few thousand miles distant, and the whole universe in proportion, the admeasuration by Parallax will hold as good* as to *place him some fifty, some seventy, some ninety millions off, as the Newtonian astronomers do by the transits of Venus and Mercury.*

It has been well asserted, " That no poet can be " read in all his ideas, unless the reader has a simi- " lar view of abstract perspective to the writer;" this may be the true reason why our great Milton was so long neglected, and why I thought much of what you thought little. I am certain the Solemn Dirge, *would have more interest, if you saw and heard the funeral as I did (in imagination), pass before me in the witching hour of night,* when I was writing of it, *therefore I will relate you of the scene:—With my " pen in my hand, seated near the table, and my head " upheld by the left hand, with eyes fixed towards the " floor, and absorbed in melancholy thought, at the " death of my friend's wife, I imagined I saw the*

" *beauteous pageantry of happy death!* As thus,— " *midnight seemed to reign in sable grandeur, for* " *not a twinkling star was to be seen; the knell of death* " *struck at intervals from the hollow pile of a cathedral* " *not far off; a multitude of torches borne by men upon* " *the top of black staves, decorated as themselves in* " *black, became a long file of flambeaux opposed to* " *each other; in the centre of which and preceding,* " *were twelve virgins of most beautiful symmetry,* " *clad in white, which clasped their fine limbs; their* " *hair encircled with chaplets of black roses; they* " *walked in threes, and each held up a festoon of* " *black flowers; there followed them, twelve youths* " *dressed in white European short dresses, bound deep* " *and faced with black, with hats after the manner* " *of Spain, and to the front a small hanging cypress* " *branch; each was a musician, and each played up-* " *on some instrument, from the mournful cylinder* " *drum, to the plaintive flute; the assembled concord* " *breathed in tones of exquisite melancholy, the soul-* " *thrilling sadness of Pleyel's German Hymn, in such* " *woe that mine eyes wept, and mine heart sobed* " *with the weakness of a child. There followed these in* " *pairs the husband's friends, dressed in black, and* " *enveloped in crape; afterwards twenty boys in the* " *long flowing robes of the Greeks, white as Alpine*

" *snow, with their heads uncovered, and their eyes*
" *lift up to heaven, joining the music with such me-*
" *tred voice, on singing forth the stanzas of the*
" *Dirge, that deep attention, with most holy thoughts,*
" *possessed me, and elevated all my mind. After these*
" *came eight infant girls, with cinctures and wreaths,*
" *and baskets of green flowers, themselves in white;*
" *then halberdiers; and then the bier. Four milk-*
" *white steeds, with studs and trappings of crape and*
" *cypress plumes, drew a double carr, entirely over-*
" *spread with white, embossed with green sprigs of*
" *the season, and decorated with black types; on it,*
" *in a velvet coffin uncover'd, was placed the remains*
" *of our friend; her ghastly visage appearing alter-*
" *nate to the gleams of light; over was a canopy*
" *open at three sides, and festooned round with*
" *fringe of black, and bugle beads and foil, from the*
" *centre was suspended a star of costly jewels. Af-*
" *ter these, supported by two friends, came the image*
" *of past hours!—the drooping, pale and hopeless*
" *husband of her heart! In order followed groups of*
" *silent friends.*"

The satire contained in the vision of Parnassus needs some apology, for it must be disgusting ignorance to the amateurs in Italian music; but certainly

beauty is relative: it is every where the emblem of perfection; and yet there are perfections of various kinds. What reason then can there be assigned, why, contrary to my own feelings, I should cry out bravissimo at an opera singer, when I am altogether disgusted at the shrillings of his throat? If I want to hear vocal music, where the performer dwells upon B in altissimo, I listen to some canary bird, delighted with having received from nature renewed health, and a new clothing.

The Europeans of the fifteenth century seem, to me, to have been in one error, and the Italians of later times in another. The first liking all measures of pleasure to coincide with their own gloomy souls, placed perfection of sound in the diatonic scale; the latter, full of eccentric vivacity, place it in the inharmonic scale, with all its intricacy of execution and overflowing ornaments. But I am simple enough, you see, to fall in love with the medium in the cromatic, loving the pleasure of understanding the poet, whose words I would have a woman sing to me, with the voice of an angel.

The piece entitled, "Arion, to the Comedians," *was wrote, in the very backward spring of* 1799, *in consequence of a party of Gentlemen, with whom I*

went from an inn one evening to the theatre: when we got to the house, it was shut up, on account of the company being gone for a week to Chester. In it you will find I had the happiness to discriminate the talents of Cherry and Jones, who have since obtained so great an approbation from the public.

How great a school, my dear sir, is the theatre of England! Whoever has considered that it is even in its present refined state amongst us, but the grown youth, which a little time ago was the offspring of a barn: whoever has read what used to please an English audience, in the comedies of Dekker, Middleton and Heywood, must conclude that the theatre has of late years been much more under the patronage of virtue and genius than formerly; yet how much remains to be done, before it arrives at the perfection it might do? and indeed which it must do, before we can take our wives and daughters there, without blushing! How might it be made the vehicle of instruction, of patriotism and great actions, for young Englishmen, if history took place of the barbarous false taste exhibited in many of our new productions. When we consider the advantage it has from the exhibition of scenery, costume and language; when the prostitutes are banished from the upper boxes, and ignorant miscreants kept from the disgusting manners of savages, in the

galleries, by a much better regulation of police. As a proof how easily a little reflection would tend to improve the stage, I have only to relate, the prompt resurrection of tragedian heroes, who appear (instead of a servant in the livery of the manager) and, laughably enough, tell us the Comedy *intended for the next evening. I once, even in London, saw the picture of Admiral Nelson (decorating the house of a Musselman) in the Siege of Belgrade! Would not it be a noble praise due to the memory of an author, that upon the night his play is represented, the central ornament over the green scene, should be, a transparent paint- of his name, decorated with laurels? But pardon this digression.*

In the Religionist, *it might appear to you, that your friend was tainted with Deism, but that I entirely disavow. After researching the systems of theology as believed by the Asiatics and Europeans, I embraced Christianity, from* conviction *of its truths, (in which I had been brought up) and it has been with pleasure, as well as astonishment, that I have beheld those truths, and the scriptures from which they are derived, immensely corroborated and strengthened by eternal buttresses, in the fulfilment of its prophecies, during the eventful scenes which have passed over Europe the last twelve years! and of which I have*

been an observant spectator. Deism, above all religions, appears the weakest fabric, because by it, human reason sits umpire alone over the actions of a Deist; and what enormities has not arrogant human reason made plausible, in the conclave! in the inquisition! in civil wars! and in the conquests of the exterminating Saracens? The Christian system holds out a code of exhalted laws, which alone *can in their observance perfect a man! It obliges us by acts of brotherhood, to apologise for our errors when we see them. But when I waited upon one of my false accusers, for an apology (who was a Deist), he, according to his notions of moral honour, offered to cut my throat in a duel! Had I followed the impetuosity of my feelings,* him *or* I *might have been carried home to our wives and children, a pale and bleeding corse. He governed himself by the Deist religion, and* I *by the laws far above the invention of human reason!*

I am of the church of England, because *I find more of the sacred scripture read* there *(from that book which is pure, when unsophisticated by presumptuous commentators), than amongst any other party of Christians, although I bear an equal regard for every other sect, because, truth from scripture, and error from man, seem to hang their lucid and sable*

clouds over every place of worship, whatever be its denomination.

For the other Pieces I have nothing to offer, but desiring only to be judged by men as strongly the advocates of virtue (and every effort which leads to it) as yourself.

I remain,

Your's,

J. LOWE, Jun.

MANCHESTER,
Dec. 17, 1802.

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POEMS.

THE PARNASSIAN VISION.*

WHERE Parnassian verdure flowers,
'Midst summer and the mid-day hours,
When genial blessings from the sun,
And soft dews to Castalian run;
As Violets, Crocuses and Roses,
Perfum'd the footing of the Muses;
And Songsters fill'd the fragrant groves,
With lispings (product of fair loves):

* Wrote May 23d. 1798, after hearing a Young Lady, in a private party, sing some of the chief popular Songs.

When Sylphs of Asia, or the Queen
Of *weaker* Gothia, prest the green
(Like Philomela's music wild,
Floating, on down of mid-night mild)
With bands of Fairy beauties——drest
In Rubies, Emeralds——and vest
Of silver moon-shine! spangled o'er
With foil (such on the sea-girt shore,
Is seen the moving waves to 'lume),
And nodding plumes—of golden down,
And cinctured Diamonds—as they dance
And move! ——The forms of elegance!

Whilst spirits of the higher spheres
Reclin'd——become, observant seers.

When laurel, bays, and healthy oak,
The woodbines facination broke,
And mingling myrtles and wild roses,

Form bending arbors for the Muses.
Farther; flocks, of silver fleeces,
Skipping, browsing——or in gazes
Watching of the Shepherd's look,
Near to the fountain of the brook.

Late on a time—Apollo's lyre,
Was heard vibrating through the sphere,
And all the Goddesses—renown'd,
In Asia, Afric, Europe found,
Or great Columbia—instant fled
On hearing!———to, their potent head.
When the Father of the lyre,
The God of Poets, and the Sire
Of Terrene music—pleased spoke
(In hearing of the bending Oak),—
Fair Compeers of the fair in Heaven,
By Jove—as precious blessings given,
To *solace* every care of Earth,

And brighten more, the brow of mirth;
To sweeten, when the passions tire,
And raise the Soul, exhalted (higher
Than Comets range them, in th' spheres)
From anxious and corroding cares,
On wings of wonder-working Verse:
By Calliope's voice—rehearse
Such lines, by Clio's children bred,
From Jove's heroic influence fed;
Or blessing with the sigh sincere,
The bliss of loving what is fair.

Fairest Erato—hear thy Sire!

Suspend at marriage-feasts thy lyre,
Return thee to Olympia *then*,
For its obnoxious *now* to Men
To hear, what Homer, Godlike song
To music, from a pliant tongue,

With intonation, sweet and clear,
And melody that courts th' ear,
As *Orpheus*, when the rugged Bears,
And Mountain goats and Fallow-deers,
And Rocks and stopping Waters! wed,
Hist! to the achives of the Dead!

No more is, what the Sire of Verse
(The language of, the Gods, rehearse),
Found, on the circle of the earth;
Euterpe says it,——and with mirth
Vulcan compareth, what *he* hears,
To winds of Æolus—in tears!
Or raising of the whining Lute,
Or breakings of the warbling Flute,
To screaks of Heticks!—Nay, *yet* higher,
To Screach-owls, viewing starry fire;
And Melpomene, Goddess—fair,
Joins in the plaint of despair.

Leave *then*, to Caprice and to Folly,
To Eunuch'd—Italy's Napoly,
To Parma, Venice, and to Rome,
The fame, of having undergone
The Satire of Apollo's ire,
(Supreme! of Music's hallowed fire).

So spoke, the Deity of Verse!
Of pow'r celestial——and Erse—
The inspirer of the Classic hours!
As 'midst the bright refranged bowers
The blaze! meridian, of *his* Carr,
(With blue of Brilliants)—the Star—
Shed, over nature——fanned fires,
And love spring, genial—*as* desires.

To him, Urania—from Britannia sped
(Graceful as visions—when th' reclined head
Is happy sleeping!——and the fancy showers

The whole of Beauties' elegance and powers!)
Urania——clasp't with Roses, Wreaths and Pearls,
Flowers of Diamonds rare, Agates and Beryls,
And vestments, perfumed with the morn
Of flowering wild Tyme and Hawthorn!
With face of Angels! (such as Hebe's),
And smile bewitching (as my *Jane's* is)
Spoke *she*—as facinating spread
The darting radiance, from her head!
In Old Mancunium's district dwells
A Nymph, of magic and of spells,
That force the Soul upon the ear
Attendant! to the falling tear,
While *she* relates, in modest fear,
Of Woe th' meted Verse! *or* Song
That drags the fancy chain'd along,
To sighs of Lovers, *or* to Wars,
'Midst rage, and blood avenging scars;
Or to the pithy-froathing brine

Nears Heaven's vault—lift-up! sublime,
Or down ingulphed in the deep,
Where Whales and Seals and Dolphins sleep;
Or sings *she* woodland swains misled
By War, from Brides and bridal bed;
Or what, by moonlight, th' pale Lover
Sighs to Clarissa!——for to move her;
Or when *he* courting of the vine,
To drown her images—drinks—wine!
Or starts! intranced with desire!
And feels of Jealousy the fire!
Or what—the Sailor on the deep,
By Phantoms haunted in his sleep,
Sees, of a Paradise in view,
When he, and all his fellow crew
Do fathomless the swinging lead,
And hail! the Promontory's head.

When Rustics whistle at the plough,

Or happy joined, each doth mow ;
Or, with the sickle to the Corn,
Do bring the Golden harvest on.

All these when Clara takes th' Lyre,
And sings amidst a listening choir
Attendant, on her harmonious tongue,
Which glides—the living line along,
And speaks, the music of the verse,
Th' cadenc'd intonation's force,
Far more than mortal, often hears!
(Such, as do Angels in the spheres)
A metred harmony—Divine,
The burden of the Poet's line!

If so, then great Apollo——hear,
Nor pass a sentence—so severe,
But let awhile the listening Earth,
Attend to *Reason* and to *Mirth*;

By Clara's excellence inspired
Those screaking Songsters,—pale and tired,
Shall relinquish to the Flute
The mimics of the human Lute;
Nor shall, vile affectations crew
Injure—the lines—an Homer—drew!

So spoke Urania——As Apollo's brow
Emitted radiant sparks!—(which shew
The Angel pleased!)——Wonderous power
'Such as the Deity doth shower
'Upon the higher states of Heaven;
'(Replied Apollo) *such* is giv'n
'*To her* thou painteth, Urania,
'Power that maketh mirth, look gay,
'That drives the Furies from th' breast,
'Affiliation with the blest;
'*If such*, high Jove! to earth hath given,
'Then haste Apollo—back to Heaven;

‘ My daughter Muses—sacred Nine,
‘ Yet for Mortals, myrtles twine,
‘ Inspire the Epic and the Song
‘ With flow of numbers, which prolong
‘ Th' inchantation of the Verse,
‘ And prompt with notes which speak, nor less!
‘ Too let selected Clara—know,
‘ *Her* voice hath triumph'd!——Nor you go.

With that—the golden strings *he* spread,
(Apollo's silver Lyre—made
By Peers of harmony and sounds)
The Muses felt the thrilling bounds.

Ah! beauties, of rare shape! and mein!
Such as nor mortal yet, hath seen,
Mov'd by *the music*!——to express
The light impression—of *such Dress*,
As Goddesses (in heavenly skies)

Do wear, (the Nymphs of radiant eyes)
Shewing, with symmetry—divine,
Such attitudes!—as suit the Nine.

I saw them *fading* on the sight,
A spreading circle!——till (as night,
Incloses objects) they, nor seen,
Had left the hill Parnassian:
I heard the golden-stringed Lyre
Speak sounds,—which did th' soul inspire
With divine extacies!—that spread
Their influence on, th' giddy head!
And heard the voice of Clara say,
Stay Goddesses——'Ah! well a-day.'

A SERIOUS PASTORAL.

SCENE.

The Mountains of the Brigantes, *in sight of Ancient* Mancunium.

Enter two British Shepherds—*seeking a lost Ewe. At distance is seen* Merinoth—*leaning upon his Crook against a Tree, as beneath him runs a Streamlet—on which he absent gazes.*

The time, before Britain *was subdued by the* Romans.

First Shepherd.

See yonder, brother, how unheedful stands
A Shepherd of the mountains—but his flock
Seems spread and scatter'd—as the thoughtless swain
Knows nor, or heeds not; whither can it tend?
Let us approach—mayhap th' studious man

Is a Far-seer,—and can easy ken
Whither our Ewe—perhaps thy strayed Goat
(Which at the howling of the horrid Wolf,
Did 'sake its browsing—and as fearful wind,
Fled! and unheard is);——nor yet he heeds;
May we come nearer?——alas to me, to me!
His spirit's fled him——'twas the circling Dove
We met! which mourn'd it, as it would have said,—
'I was the Shepherd of the scattered fold;'
Pray that it may so!—for I'd like—a Dove
To be——Llewennen—when I leave our Lake.

LLEWENNEN.

The Druidish Fathers—Tirmon—so advance—
But see! he moves him!——gentle Shepherd say,
'Canst thou of Tirmon's Ewe—or of *my* Goat,
Give ought informant—for our anxious wives,
Nor minding thicknesses, nor hills, nor groves,
Nor the Sun's beaming—have, in bidden haste

Made us subservient—to this hopeless toil.
——In vain we seek *them*——or 'midst the wood,
Intranc'd with brambles—doth the struggling Gib
Beat himself breathless——or the trembling Ewe,
Ba's faint and fainter—or the fierce wild Wolves
Tear—out its Entrails!——

MERINOTH.

——Sheep seek ye sorrowing? and are ye Men!
Have ye not heard? or hearing do not know——

SHEPHERDS.

Heard what? what know we?——

LLEWENNEN.

——Has the marauding Pict,
Down from the mountains of the barren North,
Pour'd forth fresh numbers.—By this knobbed crook,
But I'll to battle——In fact 'tis Shepherd true;

We murmur needless—at a senseless Goat.
If *all* is urged *thus*—may be't *our wives!*
For oft' I've heard, "That in the War agon,
"Nor Mercy (which *my Sire* doth call *a* Star
"That looks—a pattern from the silver Moon)
"E'er by them's minded——but with savage shock
"They seize the Infant—as its shrieking Mam
"Is fore'd and murder'd;—poor fool it laughs!
"That, they rip herds—unheeding that the kine
"Must filter Winter's sorrows by its use,
"Milk for the aged:"—Shepherd, wherefore smile,
And shake thy head negative?——'tis most true,
My Father told it.——I'll to th' hostile Wars.

MERINOTH.

Ah! War did'st talk of? Knowest thou, war of mind?
When, all Peace absent, th' unharmonious chime,
Is, as untuneful as the billowing North,
'Midst clouds and lightnings and a Winter storm!

LLEWENNEN.

Thou speaks unteaching——for the holy Druid
Last, at our May-feast, underneath an Oak,
Did say, " To pass to heaven and the Gods,
" 'Twas needfull first, we transmigrate from men,
" To what more harmless is—E'er supreme
" (O'er groves and rivers), as our first made Sires
" Become immortal too."——But of the mind
He mov'd us to be loving—and then he said,
Nor Peace would e'er be wanting.———

MERINOTH.

True said, and taught he.—Oh! Sacred Druid,
Were all men loving—never would these eyes
Have lost their manhood, nor these trembling nerves
Serv'd me unwilling——Merinoth is dead!
Knew you not Merinoth?—come hither!—see!
How yonder Nestlings—please their warbling Sire;
So pleas'd was Merinoth——on either knee

His Children, fair and ruddy (as th' wild rose
Which on the bush-row thoughtless sheds its sweets),
Blest and enhanc'd him! as, their artless guile,
Stole into Nature, 'till the parent heart
With bliss superior beat it!—His fond desire,
Herself a Goddess—fairer *still* her mind,
Exceeded fairness—oh! what blest hours,
To hear her mention, *what* of human-kind,
Most worthy *lov'd she.*——*Thus* " Bless'd truth
" (Doubly blessing, both the hearers mind,
" And he who feels his utterance *has been* Truth)
" She'd call a Goddess, and her Merinoth
" Beg to address it——*or when* the blushing morn
" Rise (like our courted Maidens) in the East;
" *Or at* the Sun-set—*as* an ag'd worn man,
" *Day* shrunk and tomb'd *it*, in th' dark'ning West,
" And then! *she* told *him*, that in highest bliss
" ('Midst where the Stars burn), that an honest man,
" Was infinite esteemed!——*Then his* flock

" Of beauteous children—for she'd call them Lambs,
" And said, they should *so* nurtur'd be—*in care.*"
She meet their wishes—in an healthfull bowl
Of Milk and Acorns crushed, or fair fruit,
By Housewife winter'd through the changing year;
And then, she comb'd them—bedded them in fleece,
Or taught " 'twas unmanly in the Boy
To shrink at rain-winds"—and the Girls inspired
With bashful fearfulness—for her own eyes
Were soft and inn'cent—as the Turtle Dove's!

BOTH SHEPHERDS.

Too, speaks thou *my* Wife; so *my* Mother *was.*

MERINOTH.

Hush! and be silent!——Merinoth is dead.

LLEWENNEN.

Alas! poor Merinoth!—I love he'd liv'd.

MERINOTH.

Wilt'st not attend me?——Merinoth is dead,
What then! *he* lov'd fair Virtue, and the Druids;
Would oft' lament them—that the mazy Gods
Did not enhance *him*, with a better birth;
Oft' did *he* wander—*where* the silent wave,
Near to the pools of Mersey—gently broke,
As the still Moon—amidst her seat in heaven,
Shed waves of silver!—*he* view'd the Stars,
Thought of *their* Maker——saw the expanded Sea,
Heard the Sea Porpoises—the crying Gulls,
And *thinking*—worshipped—the *common Sire:*
What time the Warrior, on yon' distant mount
Intomb'd, who perish'd, (as the Deathly Scythe,
From Chariots of th' Cronnavi—mow'd down th' ranks)
Rise from their cold beds and with the Screech-owl,
And bellowing Bittern—scareth the hush'd night,
He walk'd unfearing! and the Shepherds said,
" Merinoth was splinter'd from the mighty Bolt

When Gods seem'd angry !" (nor could simple men
See Mercy storm-rid) Merinoth, say they, knows
" Which Herbs be baneful, which glow with health."
' He mixes Ashes, and attempting fire,
' The Air recoils it, as the trembling Clouds
' Feel mimic thunder!—Godlike he culls
' The ripen'd herbage, Daffodils and Tymes,
' Crowsfoot and Spear-mint, Nettles or the slime
' Of white side Snails (when wanton Spirits dance
' And laugh in set fits! or, the shooting Stars
' *Drop-round*, Froth-bush spittle & Mushrooms thrive!)
' He sooths the aching aged, and the sick,
' (Flaying his flock for fleeces,—wrapt intwin'd:
' To heat most genial), ministers relief,
' Chafes far the Head-ach, racking of the Breath,
' The Limbs east-blasted! or the *damp got* Rheums,
' *With* wond'rous Augury and the juice of Herbs;
' Or *he told*, when in ages the Brigantes
' Came from the warlike people of the East,

' What Battles fought they; when first Tyrian men
' Brought hither Iron, finer Bread:—and Tin
' Was carried *by them* from the British mines.
' *He too* had travel'd to where the Druids
' Live in a world secluded by the Sea,
' From this our country; and whither th' shrine
' Of wond'rous Columns—ponderous, the plain
' Makes *ever* sacred—where hoary head'd Sires
' Make their last vowings—and the list'ning crowds
' Of Pilgrims various—*Father Druids, and Higher!*
' The first of *Fathers*—list with energy!
' As mystic Music vibrates—hallow'd Air
' Too, whither Strangers on the chalky Hill
' (Come out as Mariners with men of Tyre),
' Did grave the Night-horse!—wailing as they said,
' 'Twould memorize their Persian warrior:'
But die fair Virtue!—Merinoth is dead!
Ye speckled Daisies—Violets and Flowers,
That paint the Lowlands; aged and firm Oaks,

That murmur at the deluge of a storm,
Fade! and be bolt-rent!—let the weeping sky
Rain through the Winter,—Summer be *thou* drought,
Burn up the Herbage, till the panting Flock
Nor Rill nor Streamlet finding! do expire,
Until *their* rottings *teeming* the foul Air,
Do breed the Murrain!—and the milk swoln Kine
Die o'er the year's grass!——Oh! raging Storms,
Cast forth your Hail-barbs—till the desert heath,
And trees leaf-stripped! mock the fright'ned Birds,
The Seas—sweep mountains, and the louring Sky
Is mist and froth like! as the lifted Skiff
(Seen like *a* something *from* a lofty mount),
With perilous Fisher, seems to hang from Clouds!
Or drops—absorbed! ever!—'midst the floods!
Winds shake the Forests—till the cracking Trees
Beg hard for——Mercy! let the staggering ground
Ope oft'!—and shut it—and thou golden Orb
Nor shew forth—future Morning in the East.

TIRMON.

Alas he's frantic! see the working breath,
Llewennen! hold him?—*nay* forsooth *he Dies!*
Stop! Wonderous—Wonder—Stranger—Shepherd
Oh! all ye Blessed Spirits which do dwell [Man!
In envied bliss, hear! and assist us now!

Enter two other SHEPHERDS.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Wherefore this wailing?——oh! mighty Powers!
How came?—How died he?—*Hear me* Merinoth!
——Alas! kind Shepherds could *nor you* him save?
Merinoth hears not!—hapless, rueful hour,
When *we* thus find *thee*;—oh! my Merinoth.

TIRMON.

How! where's the burden of *thy* sad complaint?
Our Stranger call'd *so, wept* for Merinoth—
—Why thus distress ye?——for, alas!—*he* died:

——*This Shepherd* sudden!—as the hapless Bird,
Struck by fork'd Lightning! *indeed he* wail'd
And sob'd (as manly tears, work'd on each eye)—
Call'd for his Merinoth——*then*—rav'd at Winds,
At sacred Oaks! wish'd drought in Summer curs'd!
Untutored tempestings of Hail and Fire!
Bid Earthquakes rend us! and of Day—the Light
Quench'd—in eternal darkness———
——Raving he fell!
We wrestling—held him——but the free'r mind—
Did mocking leave us—as *he dying* laugh'd!
Piteous poor Stranger, how my heartstrings yearn'd
To see thee struggle.——
——But who was Merinoth?

SECOND SHEPHERD.

Who!—*he*—*here*—Ghastly!

TIRMON and LLEWENNEN.

He!

SECOND SHEPHERD.

Aye he most truly——he was Merinoth——

TIRMON.

How came this grievous wandering of the mind?

SECOND SHEPHERD.

—Most dear we loved him—*injured has* he died!
I tell you Shepherds, on the white-clift—Earth
Nor ever *more was* injured——his noble mind
Set high and peerless, for *from* at his Birth,
None found it base or faulty or Perfide:
His soul was Friendship—*such as* Taramis;
Nor ought him pleasur'd as the friendly tear
(Forc'd in a moment)—hearing of distress;
The joy of giving! or 'midst danger *help*:
He'd writhe from the Wild-boar, the Bleeding-sheep,
Then meet the bristly-monster with his Spear;
Protect the screakingvillage from fierce Wolves,

Brave them!—and chase them! 'midst a carnage wide,
Until in safety *did* ev'n Children sleep;
He help'd the Pilgrims 'midst the trackless wood,
Gave them sustenance, and through day and night—
Conducted;——until lofty Endal's Mount
Rise o'er the Forest—or the Ribble's Flood,
In distant meanders—opened on the sight;
High-minded *ever, he, nor* Sacred Truth
Defiled, no nor swerv'd from! yet his tongue
Spoke things most Marvellous! *as* in the Moon,
Where Hills & Mountains; that, the far spread Earth
Exceeded—where the borders of the Clouds
Hang—round as curtains, and the Oceans roll
Farther than Men knew bounds of—in the West;
Inspir'd with hallow'd Metre, would he sing!
As speak immortal Deities—in *Verse,*
' How War devasted:—How like a Wolf
' Were waste and Warriors; How o'er the Spheres
' Of mortal action, Great Taramis—view'd,

' And how inthron'd—'midst Immortal Powers
' He vow'd!—*should* brother's love prevail on Earth,
' And War and Famine chained in the north
' Should freeze eternal!—whilst Peace and Mirth,
' Hale Herds and Sheep-flocks—Progeny and Wives,
' Should bless all manhood—with unenvied Joy!'
——One Morning as the chearly singing Lark
Did mount to see the glory of new day,
He tended th' herd of Goats—when a passing clown
On's back, a Sheep *bound*—greeting, did *beseech*,
To leave *with* friendliness— the baing fleece,
(As *he* to where the streamlet wash'd the bower
—Ran for his Crook neglected)? 'dacious thief!
The Mountains echo'd! and the starting Hinds—
—Came droving forward—*past* Merinoth's Cot;
A Sheep was stolen! fiercely the searchers flew!
By *him* 't lay trembling!—and a neighbouring Druid
Unheeding Merinoth!—*unheard* did judge
He had pertaking *with the* odious Thief!

—Charge Seasons constant *with* neglecting change;
Charge heav'nly Virgins *with* unhallow'd wills;
Charge with conditions—*the* unheeding Winds,
Hawkes, Kites, *with* tenderness; the hungry dam—
Of Wolves *with* patience!——or fast bind
The tumult'ous Ocean—in its bounds *at* ebb;
Make Night be mid-day, and the dazzling Sun
Strip'd of its grandeur—*make* a lesser light;
But charge *not* Merinoth—with what his Soul
Of *most*, disdains it!—— look! Duro, see,
Nor hang thine head—unhearing—but behold!
How did the Charge exhaust him!—'midst the rocks
That near Mancunium, o'er th' Rivers Brood,
And lift their ragged precipices high
He wandered lifeless;——nor more his eyes
Met the endearments of his anxious Mate;
Nor watch'd the Sheep-fold—nor the browsing Goats;
Nor pleas'd to raptures! *saw* his Infant Child
(Led by his Elder), take the staining woad,

And mimic *all* the paintings of *its* Sire!
—All lay neglected!——as the evening Bird,
Or Spirit of the woods—warbled through night,
In notes most piteous—Merinoth's distress:
The Robins whimpered, and th' louring Kine
Seem'd rid by witchcraft——Merinoth fled!
His wife mislabours!—languishes!—expires!
——We leave the Ardwick—and the winding wave
Of Medlock follow——hallooing, and pined,
Ask *all* of Merinoth—yet ask in vain.
Pass Woods ungladed—chearless the pale Moon,
Pour'd limpid torches!—'midst th' opening Pine,
Ash, Beech and Wallnut—The chearless Sun.
Thrice view'd us——seeking generous Merinoth!
—And have we *found him* Duro?—ah! my friend
Extended—lifeless—on the clay—cold Earth!

LLEWENNEN.

Arouse *my* Duro! and *my* Tirmon rouse!

Shake off this stagnant 'maizing—I'll revenge!
Join to the Eagle of the threat'ning South,
Who erst from Rome advanced—and doth come—
Again with 'vantage! lead them *here*—advance
To Mona's Crumlachs—where the sanction'd Druid
Torn from his Altar—shall the languid crime,
Which wrong'd Merinoth—*grieve for*! as fair Truth
Will *spurn* such Priests—unhallow'd from her Shrine.

DURO.

Lead on, inspired Stranger! *but* in earth'd
First lay we, loved Merinoth,—near his side
Plant Hyacinths and Violets—and weep!
And sigh with bitter sadness *out* this Moon,
Which wanes and wanes, each night, in lofty heav'n,
As it would shew *the time* mourning should end,
For, our Merinoth *now* nor *never* Dies!
When honour was extinguis'd—He was Dead!

ARION TO THE COMEDIANS.

OFFSPRING of Thalia—whither sped—
From the suitors?——at their head
Young Arion seeks ye! mimic train
We searched all the site, in vain;
Where with perfumed flowers of Roses
(From the soft breathings, of the Muses)
Underneath pleasure's vane, The hours
Dance, enwreathing mirth!——as showers
From Genius, fpread the fragrant air,
And make the court of Merit there,

Children of fancy, and of power,
To raise the laugh!—*or* gloomy lower,

Bright'ning with dimples—Beauty's faces,
Or giving, sadder, silent graces
To the attractions of the Fair,
Softest of melancholy!——where
The sparkling radiance, dancing flies
In gems of danger, from their eyes:
Ah! lovely, sweetest, heavenly charms,
Or gay or serious, *still* with harms,
The shafts of beauty, subtle dart,
And leave the eye, to fix the heart!

Offspring of Thespis!—Arion calls;
Why leave the hallow'd Poet's walls;
Why leave Mancunium dull?——Retir'd
Is Nature's spring time, for—though fired
By th' kind fiat of bounteous Jove,
And fill'd with all the heat of Love;
Myriads of daisies, buds and flowers,
And leaves expanding over bowers

Do peep! and hail, the genial sun;
Appall'd they're fright'ned—for the gloom
Of Winter—fiend-like—foul, is seen
A scaring Phantom!——and the green
Of nature withers!——Daffodils,
Starry Hyacinths, and Jonquils,
Violets, Tulips, Auriculas,
Lilac, Jess'mine, Laurustinas
Starting! hide them:—nor sweet Birds dare
To chirp, the Season of the year!

Then where can Arion wander? Musing,
You rob—*who* cannot bear the losing,
Haste back—*then* Mirrors of the times,
Offspring of Genius!——or in Rhymes,
Or in soft Prose (the Poet's Verse)
Again come;—facinate—rehearse!

Bring with ye "Cooke" of ample powers,

To *paint* firm Manhood—when it lowers
At servile Foplings——or inspired,
His Soul with love and jealousy is fired!

Bring Johnson's Hamlet, who so sad
Doth paint the Danes'man; that, or mad,
Or sick with love—or harrow'd with despair,
Reminds the sighing Authors, of Shakespeare!

Remember Macbeth; let, in horror's sleep,
" Ward "—bear th' Taper! that Arion may weep.

Too bring ye—robed with Laurel's Tree,
The little " Hatton " (shap'd like Medici),
A child of brilliant fancy!——or for Fun,
The child of nature, " Cherry " (where's he gone)?
To paint the Rustic " Turpin "—or inbred,
The dress of nature " Tyrrell " must be led.
Let " Jones " be honoured, for *that* Arion's Muse

Hath seen a Chaplet—weaving for his brows.

Come forth! ye Geniuses of passing years,
Paragons of sweet language, smiles and tears,
When the infusing Father of the fields
Blossoms gay Nature, and prolific yields
The burst! of linked harmonies to Earth!
Insects, and feathered Choirs—(at their birth,
The Poet will permit *ye*—to retire),
For God's in Nature!——Nature doth inspire,
And wandering 'midst her treasures, Arion led,
Is with the Ambrosia of Olympia' fed!

ON THE

SIXTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF MARRIAGE.

When in the sweet of vernal days,
I saw my Jenny's smiles and ways,
That laugh't and dimpled—as her eye
Darted soft fires,
My soul affixed!——the fond sigh
Spoke its desires!

When o'er the rosy tints of Morn,
Aurora spread!——and Venus (shorn—
Of its bright radiance—in the sky),
Shrunk at the day;

As issuing golden—spread on high
The Solar ray!

Potent and beauteous—*as* impearl'd
With twinkling gems—(seen or withheld),
The Dew-drops sparkled on the Thorn:
And with its lay,
The mounting Lark vibrated *on*,
Hail to *fair* Day!

When all regaled,—and inspir'd
By Heaven's bounty,——I retir'd:
Did lift my sickly Eyes unto the sky,
And with a Tear
Did grudge the little warblers—which did fly
Pair after Pair!

My Jenny absent!—all was rude,
Creation and its beauties view'd;

By troubled fancy—void did seem
A barren Lea!
Nor lived aught—upon the scene
That pleased me!

But *when* I press'd her Angel form!
Her scarlet Lips!—for kisses born,
And laugh't!——and touch'd her velvet Hand,
All scenes were joy!
Winter—with its unsocial Band,
Too fast did fly.

Nor when its bleak winds stormed over Heaven
Its hails shot rapid!—or its torrents driven,
Whirl'd round! in troubled eddies, mad and wild!
My heart content,
Saw not its fury—*for* my Jenny smiled!
And gave consent.

ARION TO URANIA,

MUSE OF ASTRONOMY.

MORTALS, whom drinking doth inspire
To jocund mirth, to glee,
Whom Bacchus fills with errant fire,
Know not the worth, of thee.

When I do drink at founts divine,
And gaze! beneath thine eye,
My thirsty soul doth still incline
To swill—such Nectar dry!

The Men, whom Music's hallow'd breath,
Doth raise, to look above!

Know not, th' extacies of Earth,
Which wait upon thy love.

Or they, whom Nature please—the Rose,
The Myrtle——or the Bower
(Of Jess'mine, Lilac) nigh, whence flows
The perfumes of each flower—

Know not, the beauties of the Maid
Urania! of the Skies,
When thick stud Stars around her spread,
Where Ebon Ether lies!

Where Constellations—on their spheres,
As golden clusters turn;
And Venus wand'ring round, appears
Refulgent as a Sun.

Where Mars and Saturn, and of Jove,
The Star! assemble bright,
Like friends within the house of Love,
To variegate the Night.

Ah! fair Urania, lead on
To whither hallow'd Jove!
Behests Seraphic Gifts, upon
Those whom the Muses love.

A SOLEMN DIRGE,

On the Death of MRS. F. *supposed to be wrote by her Husband.*

ALAS she's gone! her spirit's fled!
And I, alone, among the Dead,
Do now seek my Vestal vow,—
Tell me, Angels!—tell me now!

Whether's Phebe?—mighty Powers!—
Fair as Hebe,—on your shores?
There! I see, I see her fly!
Fairest Virtue!—thither hie!

Angels, tell it, in the spheres,
What her Virtues, what my tears:

Sister Spirits! bear her higher!
Earth *nor* holds, her soul's desire.

Say she was love, as *when* a bride,—
Say she was friendship, *'twas* her pride!—
Say maternal,—say sincere,—
Say relenting, *as* her prayer!

Wond'rous Providence—my Sire!
Why 'midst darkness—doth thine ire,
Mysterious wound me?—Father!—Jove!
Heal my grievings——fount of Love!

Alas 'tis so,——so wills *it* Heaven
For me to mourn:—To *her* is given
High in Seraphic bliss to dwell,
Far from sickness, Earth and Hell!

ARION, THE POET, TO Mr. H.*

'Midst troubles dire, and many a way,
More adverse than the Stormy Sea;
When tempests beat upon the lee!
And Wrecks are carried
('Midst waves of froth and dashing spray!
The Seamen buried!)

Was Arion's fate! whose anxious eye
Beheld his loved "Jeanetta" nigh,
Nor wished to live (*nor* dared to die)!
For all around,
Meeting the Mother's weeping eye,
Children were found.

(* Wrote April 22, 1800).

What of a Battle?—*tell not me,*
Of dangers diverse!—Warrior's ire,
'Midst roar of Cannon, "*Liberty*!"
Doth all inspire,
And havock and desolation nigh,
Urges—Desire!

But "Arion,"—friendless and exil'd,
By Villains—plundered! and beguil'd;
By broken-hearted anguish foil'd,
'Midst sadness—see!
Behold! his Wife and new-born Child
Hopeless *as* he!

Misrepresented by the Base,
His motives, words, and all his ways;
Till hating life! "Despair" did seize,
With fiend-like eye!

The grasped Poison—" bid him raise,
Resolved to Die. "

But " Hindley, "—noble-minded Man !
With haste, and trembling (as he trod),
Seizing the Chalice, as a God !
To hope he smiled !
Sing of him " Arion "——generous Man !
And Fortune's Child.

HYMN OF IMPLORING.*

Oh! Thou who rules th' heavenly powers,
'Midst the etherial round of space;
Or wrathful Comet when it lowers,
Or in the world of human race.

'Tis *I* address Thee, mighty Sire,
The least of men, but *fond to know:*
Touch my heart with angel fire,
And tell a mortal where or how.

Europa, ghastly in her carr,
Beheld, *in nature* horrid dire!
Urging her sons to fatal war,
Amidst the rage of hellish fire.

(* Wrote Sunday Nov. 24, 1800.)

The nations of revolving stars,
That glimmer in the Lactean way,
Unsconscious of ensanguin'd wars,
Nor urge—as partial warriors say.

"Twilight glimmering," where the fields
Of Indians, Caffres,—*or the Clan*
Of Tartars, (where the desert yields)!
Still sees the worshipping of man.

Where sun-burnt Afric's woods do teem,
With *Races* ever known to *Thee,*
Or East or West, the varied scene
Thou heavenly Sire! still speaks of Thee.

Give that we know thy will supreme,
To long and wish for blissful peace,
Which Israel in his wond'rous dream,
Join'd to the rescue of his race!

Avaunt! then temples, mosques, and bowers,
Be man to man, *as bounteous Given,*
As He, who sends the soothing showers,
And smiles enthron'd, *on* happy heaven!

THE SHIPWRECK OF A SLAVE SHIP.*

SCENE.

A Cave near the shore, with Palm Trees in the front.—EGBEN *an English Gentleman saved from a former Shipwreck, and* WHIDAH *a Negro Princess, seen coming together towards the Shore.*

HIST! Hark! Whidah, hear the sighing,
On the winds—of Man's distress:
Hard the hardship, mayhap't—Dying!
Fly we! for to give redress.

* On reading of a Slave Ship driven on the Coast of Africa, which was wrecked, with the Slaves in the Hold, the Hatchways fastened down when she fell in pieces. See the STAR Paper, July 5, 1792.

Sure the savage Panther's tearing,
Th' helpless victim, fell her prey:
List! the rumor's—hither bearing,
Louder screaks!—*now* lead the way.

Oh! my Whidah!—faithful ever
To thy wedded Briton—see!
(Move her Heaven! *Thou* that gave her
To thy suppliant—happy *me*).

Ah! my Whidah see! the English
In yon' Bark—the surge beats o'er,
Driv'n by tempests—(in what anguish)!
From their courses—to thy shore.

Pardon thou, their deeds of bloodshed,
Of thy Countrymen, the bane;
(I see my Whidah rolls th' eyes—Red!)
Oh! forgive—thy Brother slain!

Place not to them, th' loss of Father
(Lord by right to this Domain);
Forget th' men, that sold—ah! Mother
White Men *are not* all the same.

Great Heav'n just, has sent in vengeance
These, the sport of winds and waves;
Forgive (like British fair ones)! mischance,
Nor make these envy wat'ry graves.

Yes, my Whidah, th' fair are striving,
Pleading, to their Husband—Lords;
Daily moving, daily grieving
For th' injur'd Afric hordes.

Leave them (say they), leave th' later,
Leave them, to their happy plains;
Drag them not, o'er world's of water,
Slavery—high mind disdains!

WHIDAH.

Say they so?——Why *then* my Egben
Know—Great Whidah, feels *as they:*
Christian God can dwell in Black Men:
I forgive——Tho' hard to say.

Thou remembers, when on shore cast,
I besought thy forfeit life;
Pleading prosperous! 'till th' Love-feast,
And the Dances—crown'd me Wife.

Believe then!—keen retaliation
Shall no more my breast inspire;
If made all at one Creation,
We'll be godlike—as our Sire.

But—ah!—Egben!—why deceive me?
Look—the fiends! whom thou relents,

Are *not* Men :—Great Heaven relieve me!
Hell's actors of th' dark events.

See! my countrymen lie gasping!
Strew'd the beach becomes with dead
Wretches!——Nor could ye keep them fasting
Faint in irons—(so unfed).

Death, *like a Giant* ! bursts th' fetter,—
Bounteous Spectre!—do so still;
Short their fate is, but 'tis better
Than the dread of unknown ill.

Are these the teachers—that would teach us,
Mention not to me!——'Tis foul!
You've the whiter, paler features
But obdurate is your Soul!

Ah!——thou Egben!——fly the furies!
Desperation broods us o'er;
Black as Afric—dire Revenge is!
We look for right—*to you,* no more!

Fly to England!—and tell "Vassa"
To desist——'Tis all in vain,
Destruction, save us!——from a Massa
Of your kindred——*On this Plain!*

THE RELIGIONIST.*

How oft my God have *I* with anguish prest
Pour'd out my Soul before thy altar! (dress'd
In white humility)—humble and low *mine* eye
In terror lifted! *where*, in majesty,
'Midst thrones and seraphs—powers and equal Gods
Thou sat! beyond the starry spangled roads,
Where opening systems pointed out an heaven,

Until thy spirit—silent sweets has given
The truth of worship—" What th' Almighty will,
Induc'd my *feeble* spirit to fulfil!

* Wrote July 11 1799.

When thine all potent Thunder shakes th' Poles,
And peal on peal thro' vaulty heaven rolls.

When on the billows—foaming to the skies,
Midst blaze of lightnings—scatter'd Fleets arise.
When 'midst the Forest—as the cracking Tree,
And howling Oaks—and snapping Pines agree
To speak thee Umpire!—Or the gaping Earth
Staggered and tossed!—gasping in its dread!
Speaks of the spreading empire of the Dead!

Or when (in winter) in the Northern sky,
The sulphurs vanish, and their essence fly
Streamer on streamer! *or* the spreading grove
Fill'd with all songsters, witness sacred love.

When simple flowers start the teeming ground,
And love Almighty—mighty wisdom found,
Resides within the petal of a flower.

When all amidst the drear and midnight hour
I see the Poles envelop'd with bright Stars,
Golden and twinkling!—*Or* Aurora dares
To spread the Saffron Blue and Purple way,
And usher all the plentitude of Day:
As Meteors roll around, the hilly mounts
And Lakes retain the vapour of the founts:
As Birds awakening chirp and cherup high,
And rouse to playful circles in the sky.

I bow and *worship*—(nor Asiatic heaven,
Nor Afric—nor Columbia—nor the driven
Wills of Europe)!—but prostrate I lie
Before the throne of Nature's Deity!

THE CAGED LINNET.

Ah! pretty creature, *whence* thy care?
Whither wouldst thou want to go?
From thy patron, and sweet air
Which from yon Woodbine Arbours blow!

Say pretty Linnet, *art* like me?
Mournful thinking on thy Love?
Charles is absent, ah! nor free!
I'm the plaintive fretful Dove.

War's iron hand, its steely soul,
Nor view'd distraction on my brow!

My Charles was press'd—the Seas did roll,
And Gallic fetters hold him now.

Ah! simple Linnet, are *thy kind*
Mourning at thy easy chain?
Loves their plaint?—hence then!—find—
And tell them Clara is the same.

THE HUSBAND LOVER, TO HIS WIFE.

SINCE by kind Nature—form'd for joy!
Spirit of meekness—*come* and prove!
Give me *thy* smiles—nor longer coy,
But bless the arms of Man with Love!

ON ISABELLA, SICK OF THE SCIATICA.

WHO made sweet Virtue? Who fair wisdom made?
He who 'midst tempests, thunder-storms, and fire,
The glimmering Stars—which gild th' Artic Bears,
Th' painted Tulips—th' variegated Flowers,

Rules! Opening wisdom's web of textured truth,
He sent the little Cherub, whom, I praise,
And formed "Issa"—mild as Summer's eve:
Tho' pale as snowy Clouds, her Cheeks with pain,
Still beameth lovely patience from her eye!

ON PEACE, 1801.

'MIDST varied Wonders! vast events and great!
The age is ballanc'd——"Jove" abridges fate!
The visions ripen——and from Eastern heaven's
Bright portals *issue* ('midst a blaze of Stars),
Effulgent "Peace!" Hail! hospitable power,
Who's radiant aspect headlong through the "Hades"
Shall drive the fiend of War, to endless night.

ARION, ON A MISANTHROPE.*

YONDER he wanders! his suspecting eye
Averted shews the effervescent Soul:
How different Nature!—See the wanton laugh
Of innocence, of beauty, and of love!

Ah! Villains it is you and not *the Man*!
He is all gentle; when he views a Child
Lo! he attends with dalliance to its smiles.
He views a drooping Lily, and a Tear
Of sympathatic thinking wets his eye.
With clasped hands—he soothes the aged hound,
And (like a Zephyr on th' Woodbine flowers),

* Wrote July 10, 1799.

He passeth all Creation!—For who knew
Him act the Tyrant? Him with haught to spurn
The weeping Widow; or afflicted Man
Be cruel to his species or to brute?

Oh damn'd hypocrisy! (more than all th' wiles
Of open and avowed Villainy:)
By the avenging frown of mighty Jove!
To thee he owes it—his averted eye
Would never shrink to sickness when a Man
Seems to accost him: to insects and to worms
Kind ever—gentle ever!—But to thee,
Oh! fellow mortal, adverse as the Winds
That roar around the rocky coasted North,
And drive from off, the tossed screaming Gulls.

He is inverted!—Thy perfidious toils,
Ungrateful blastings, villainies and deeds,
So undeserved, accusations false,
That made him tremble, and to equal heaven
Lift up his eye demanding!—*Whence* th' God
Of universal Nature, *anxious soothed,*
And told—"*This* was tuition for a Man!"

ARION, IN DISTRESS.

HARD blew the Tempest; on the lofty hills,
The Clouds amazed were driven and recoiled!
The roar of waters and impetuous Wind,
The distant Forest fright'ned thro' its Trees
(Of aged oaks, and beech, and towering pines),
Did tremble! as unrooted hurl'd!
The cracking elms were driven from their sites.

The Thunders shuke in peal succeeding peal,
And rattled down the steep ascents of Heaven.

Too howl'd the dread Hyenas and mad Wolves,
With terror! in their rock excav'd haunts

(*Wrote on Good Friday, 1800).

Now fled the Lion swiftly from his den;
And now the Panther, eyeing as she flies
The Light'nings blasting fury on the Oak
Amidst its blazes! (tinging the vast Skies,
And whirling one destruction o'er the storm).

Nor Man unhoused, but with chearful Friend
In distant village, all was safe at home:—

Save Arion, friendless! whom th' world unkind
Nor knew nor judg'd, but cruel had enjoin'd
That he nor frequent should the haunts of Men!
On distant heath, he wander'd;—darker th' night
Increas'd, and delug'd was, with sheety rain.

The broad flamed light'nings, or solitary star,
But shewed the day of Dæmons, when in Hell
Amidst destructive Nature, all is ire!

'Arion' had bent his knee to watchful Heaven,
As o'er his head the pity mocking storm
In drenching rains descended! Heavenly Sire
(With pale fac'd visage and inquiring eye
Said 'Arion' to his Maker), 'Has *thy mind*,
'(Which rules in wisdom 'midst celestial powers,
'The vaulty heavens and unnumber'd stars)
'*Wills* from Olympia, vicissitudes of fate;
'Let me repine *not*! else, Almighty Sire,
'(Who knows th' workings of the anxious heart),
'Wherefore is Arion destined to woes?
'Does all beneficent and all equal Jove,
'Love *not* th' ardent passions of my soul!
'What ever did *I* that thou calls unjust?
'Will it offend thee (as ungrateful men),
'That I love virtuous honour? that my mind
'Is wed to science and *eternal* loves
'The Muses (fair resemblance of Thee)!
'All men are cruel; or wherefore so unkind?

' Hard judging Censor'ous, unfeeling (as th' Rock,
' Which stands for ages the complaining Winds),
' Or wherefore judge they wrongly, Mighty Judge?'

Again the encreasing tempest with its howls,
Deafen'd the Thunder! but a glimmering shade
Hung near the western horizon of Heaven.

A voice seem'd pendant on the wing of winds,
And said in passing, ' Arion,' review
' And *note* that Heaven *is* where there is light.'
Arous'd he trembled! but the twinkling star,
From the far Cottage drew him;—still the storm
Increas'd with fury, drowning the vast heath.

Orion had dip'd his feet in western waves,
And sometimes gleam'd his girdle o'er the sky,
When ' Arion' (stranger, destitute, exil'd)
Came to the mansion of sweet sympathy;

For there Levittia lived, and her train
Of nymphs celestial! there Edgecombia mild
As the effulgence of autumnal eves:
There liv'd Clarissa, who of searching eyes
Seek'd for poor Arion, all his wants untold,
Phebe kindly ministred, and at her side
Liddy assidious heard th' stranger's tale;
But chiefly kind Levittia (scarcely strewed
Are such souls 'mongst the 'habitants of Men),
Sing of her *Arion*! say, compassion mild,
And peerless sympathy, and thoughts sublim'd,
Are given Levittia, by indulgent Heaven.

AN ANSWER

(Wrote extempore),

TO A POETICAL EPISTLE FROM A FRIEND.*

And is it so, my Sāvile's early muse imparts,
In language beauteous, the sentiment of hearts,
Not of the common mould—forbid it Jove!
Harmonious spirits *only* feel of love,
Or (what's the same) of friendship's high behest
Sublimest thoughts, in language well exprest:
For what is love or friendship—but the same?
A sexual difference, needs a different name;
The heart speaks best, *that* language does but prove
A faint resemblance of—a Poet's love!

(*Who wrote he was returning from Town in a day or two).

Of different natures (thanks the genial Sire)
To the world's natives! *fraught* with Angel fire,
Are virtuous Poets! *who* see beneath the sun
The intricate maze of a Providence *begun*,
Not ended! no my Friend! the mighty Sire
Of universal nature—*or* in Ire, forth spread,
Or wrapt in darkness deep! *or* radiance shed,
On life's *frail scenes*—*or* with the silent dead,
Tho' all amazement, will amaze us more,
When bless'd in social classes, on the shore
Of Beings far advanc'd—we mortals *note* enshrin'd
The goods of Truth and Providence combin'd!

In London are ye? friendship bids me send,
On wings of haste, my wishes to my friend;
But wherefore send them now? when time expands
His wings of fate to bear ye from the lands
Of Lud's fair city?—no matter; th' Poet's eye

" In a fine frenzy rolling " can descry,
What men of common soul, take years to ken;
I write not to such fallen sons of men.

In London are ye?—Mark! 'midst sacred bowers,
Which th' West Abbey holds:—in silent hours,
Go seek th' illustrious deeds of mortals dead;
Read in the mournful epitaphs, how sped
With men of early days; the painful time
To hours of Virtue wedded, or sublime
Intranc'd with music and the Poet's song;
Or fam'd for arms amidst th' ensanguin'd throng
Of boasting Warriors, on such and Newton low'r,
Whose daring deeds impeach th' gracious power
That rules all nature! giving vile essays,
And love of War and evil's lying ways
To *Him*! of all sublimity the Sire,
The God of Truth and Wisdom's earliest fire.

There mark too Walpole!—he whose servile soul
Fawn'd on his king, and laid the vast controul
Of curs'd Excise, o'er England's peace and hours
Profound of sacred midnight! (such were ours
When easy taxes, agriculture eyed,
And English freedom was the English pride.)
When yet a *youth* I loath'd—*but now* my soul
Spurns at his hated name (as at a mole
The Ladies' eye, who viewing its strange form,
Sees beauty beggar'd haggard and forlorn)!
Regard such deeds no more, but to the Square
Where Briton's vane announces *what* is *fair*,
And *rare* and *rich*—of hoary age or far
From Indian islands brought, or Malabar,

I see you smile; and lift a tribute tear!
To heaven's Wise Sage, who *sent* you kindly *there*,
Where wealth is use, and arts so long oppress'd,

Find (from the Gothic age) Elysian rest.

Note too, the genius lofty of "great Wren;"
His massive beauties monumental; *when*
Th' Arabian thoughts, ashamed, took their flight,
And fled from Europe to oblivious night.

Mark too, th' spacious mirrors of the times,
Blest with the 'vantage of our Shakespear's lines,
In all their blaze of greatness!—*where* the arts,
As friendly rivals, composite the parts
Of the great temples—rise to endless fame,
And wealth immense; and aggregate of shame,—
When starving Poet's perish in the Fleet,
And Managers' run chariots through the street.

Forget not lofty records, where the Tower
Lifts up its Julian fort—and vacant hour
Says—Whither will ye spend me? *or* as well

Go to the direful mourning of yon bell!
That doth presage to mortals, vain and proud,
The ghastly horrors of the death-fac'd shroud:

And ask your way from thence to Holy Mount,
And view the sacred fragments!—when the fount
Of fell disease was open'd, and the plague
Rag'd strong in poisons fatal (horrid league
Of death and hell's perturberance)! hence avaunt!

Ye thoughts of horror!—view Hunter's noble toil;
And *mark*, how nature labours (which ye spoil,
Accursed warriors)—note her various powers,
When Cruckshank is dissecting (in his hours,
To lecture vow'd) the silver corded arm;
The bracey muscles—auditory charm;
Th' inflexed coating of the firm knit heart;
The flowing veins—and piamater part;
The wheels, the cranes, the pullies and the store

Of air, of chyle, of fire, and many more;
Repositories vast, and ductile drains,
From knee-cap'd joints to th' subtle formed brains.

Hear lecture's reason, but most *on* nature's store,
Bisected by the chymist, 'midst the roar
Of all consuming fire!—and his stills
Erect, to bind the obduracy and wills
Of linked beings, of earth, or water, air,
To what is primeval formed, foul or fair!

Note all the Institutions that you see,
In the great circle of sweet Charity.

Note *well* the moving world and every spright,
And say, if "Butler" *yet*, would have th' right
To insult our grossness—*when* he does declare,
'That God doth ne'er erect an house of Prayer,
'But *busy devils* build a Chapel near!'

THE MILK CART.*

As ploding onwards to the mart and town,
In Boots unspur'd, and Coat, an arrant clown;
With wit at will, and whistling as he went,
Observ'd the folks on morning milk intent,
Around a Cart, drove years by aged Ann,
With scarlet cloak, beset by many a Can,
In which was New and Butter-milk, that Ralph
Had skim'd and watered like another elf,
(For Ann observed oft', that as she aged
Good manners banish'd virtue, evil waged
A war with honest dealing) therefore long,
To Milk she added water! that the throng,

*Wrote extempore, Dec. 11, 1822).

Of wants might not assail her hoary head,
And leave her poor without a cow or bed
(So virtue leaves us; so the tatter'd poor
Learn vice and manners at the rich man's door).
However *so it was*—the Cart and Dobbin,
Op'd every latch and scar'd each lazy gob'in:
Made all the good folks hear; and to th' ring
Each with a pitcher *or* a piggin spring!
Among the chattering uproar and the throng,
Was jeering "Walter," who had many a song;
And tales of war, where he had lost his leg;
And long adventures told, *of him* and Meg.
There "Lubin" th' weaver, *came* to seek his heart,
Found by Rebec' a wench, so shy and smart:
They all cajol'd him round with many a joke,
He ay'd, and grin'd, but ne'er a sentence spoke;
But as Old Ann gave to a trusty care
A dark print patch, her daughter was to wear,
When she was wed to Tummas th' next fair.

He gazed, as stupid, at Rebecca's face,
As parsons do at patridge during grace!
Old "Ann" plied round her beverage, and her chin
With care receiv'd the snuff which trickled in.
Each had some tale of scandal or some news,
That each spoke foremost, lest the rest should lose:
How drunken Sampson beat his precious Rib;
How strangely Susan looked, and yet would fib!
How Johnny Simmon's wife had brought him twins;
How oft' the "three balls" lady Patty wins!
Who since she came (a lady to be sure),
Had never deigned to visit any poor:
A pale-fac'd hussey, moping night and day,
Who ne'er went out, but for to pledge or pray;
Perhaps some mistress of discarded eye,
In treaty with some dastard tradesman nigh.
Arrest your foul aspersions—daring throng!
And learn *her* value from, the Poet's song:
Amelia, gentle, educated, mild,

Of peerless beauty, and an only child,
Was won by villain Arnold, for to wed,
And share the honours of, a Captain's bed:
Invented tales were told her; and to climes
Of India goes the soldier—(other crimes,
On other beauties practised, take her place).
Her pittance stopped!—on her languid face,
(Pale throne) sits sorrow—feeding on her sighs,
And drinking up the lustre of her eyes.
As Time an iron-hearted tyrant stands
And grins, to see her wring her lily hands;
When from the *post* return'd, and *still* ill sped,
She fancies horrors—thinks her Arnold dead!
As cloister'd (on her knees), with fasten'd door,
Her peerless virtue's mangl'd by the poor!

EPISODE FROM THE EPIC POEM.

Now spoke the father of the loves and smiles,
Almighty love "*Jediah*—from hence retire
" Up to celestial heaven—for its design'd,
" (An hallow'd honour to the men of men),
" Such as in virtuous usefulness have shown
" Themselves superior, shall a triumph hold,
" 'Midst all the sons of morning." *Instant* my mind
Affiliated with such grace;—and heaven
In all its blooming glories, burst in sight!
Assembled powers, spirits, (angelic each,)
Cherubim, seraphim, of those blest seats,
Mansions and habitations, near where Jove

In full effulgence—beams the godhead light,
Where there in classed millions! such joy,
Such rad'ant happiness concenter'd show
In each expressive angel, that the whole
Felt sympathy unutterable—and 'twas seen
Each was a single heaven, each a God!
Whereto the east doth stretch unto the south,
Was found, an arch triumphal, radiant light!
In all its colours; such as a rainbow shews,
Within another and another less
'Till the perspective fading, the faint hue,
Hid in the chrystal distance is *out* spread,
A variegated azure in far heaven.

'Ten classed thousands *led*—in robes of green,
Faint green, and silver claspings, (rich intire,)
Spread like a fillet 'cross the beating breast,
From off the shoulder, as the lesser arm,
White (like a snow drop) *beared*, and the breast

Appear'd in Nature's beauty: in each hand
Was borne a wand of silver, (and *as* white),
A silken tape bow-knotted on its point.

Five herald angels followed, robed in gold,
Slimber and lucid as the morn of heaven,
They *or* announc'd responsive, *or* did recite,
As was occasion; *what* did th' Almighty Sire
Since was creation; *what* was mighty power;
What sweet-lip'd mercy; *what* all angels told,
Was yet of known expected, *or* decreed!

A thousand females follow'd, raiments white,
And shapes exquisite beauty: th' sister stars,
That form th' Cassiop'an elegance nor seem,
Nor half so beauteous, nor half so bright!
Each bore a golden Censer, whose high fume
Spread spirit-reviving fragrance over heaven!

They followed, by an angel from on high,
Sat on a full-wrought tripod throne of stars,
And starting silver, purple lights, and gold!
His hand at gentle distance held a spear,
Cut from a rock of diamond out entire!
His look was beaming majesty, *there* Jove
Seem'd to have breath'd within him! *On* his brow
Intwined was a crown of verdant leaves,
The tribute of the olive tree to peace:
On *each* hand walk'd *two* angels, who upheld
Two crossing semi-circles—which were bound
With lotoses, and roses, and sweet flowers,
The circles fretted diamond! *whence* th' light
Play'd in an amb'ant radiance, *which* shed
Its lustre on the emblem of fair peace,
O'er whom 'twas lifted as a centre sphere.

Again, a thousand youths and virgins led,
Each breasted *and alternate*—th' male, a lyre:

Each had of pow'rs, most moving, harmony:
The virgins gifted with exquisite voice,
More of most wond'rous, such as on mortal earth,
Nor vilest savage, of morosest mind,
Could hear, but trembling, as the aspen leaf,
His soul would follow the inchanting fire!

More music follow'd; *there* loud clarinets,
There cymbals louder, *there* flutes, *there* lyres,
There silver molten trumpets, whose shaking notes
Were followed by th' cadence of full sounds,
From higher thunder! as th' expressive minds
Of angels serious worship'd;—or quick spread
The loves and graces, laughing on the meins
Of heavenly countenance, as th' dimpled smiles
Alternate played around th' blissful cheek.

Of gold an area follow'd, 'twas out-spread

Each side twelve cubits, and wonderous mov'd,
By an infused spirit from the Gods!
From it to earth a cubit, hanging round
Were satins of fair violet, (such hues
As mingle on the softness of a peach);
Its pavement form'd in compartments of tiles
Made from the beryl, carbuncle, the onyx,
The sapphire, ruby, topaz, and jacynth,
And interwove with *chrystal richly flower'd*
With *seeming* daisies, primroses and taints,
Which lived in spring in sweet Arcadia.

Upon a tripod in the centre (firm
There stood), a nymph of symbol'd innocence,
Of graceful posture—as the blissful smiles
Dwelt on the feature; the area around
Were nymphs of sister beauty, each a dove
White as a lily *pressed* to the breast;
These Nymphs strew'd roses; *there* the sounds

Of silver citrials pleased,—as the flowers,
Still grew within the baskets of net gold,

There sixteen virgins follow'd—and the dance
In all its magic mazes was beheld!
Now light as arial beings in the air,
The whirling limbs seem'd pliant—and the spring,
Rise up and touch'd alternate the blest earth;
Now as a circle which the giddy eye
Nor sees nor loses, now as twins out-led,
Each moves *as* each, expressive as the eye
That guides the varied motions, *now* conjoin'd
In squares, *in* crescents, broken lines forth led
In regular confusion; or separate they form
An hundred varied statues!—as th' God
Gaze at expressive beauty, (and the soul
Forth led to the all beauteous, all sublime,
Rests on the *unchanging* centre—mighty Jove)!

In 'sponsive measures the elastic feet
Cross and return them, as the limbs intwine
In even changing elegance! which move
Exact unto the cadence of sweet sounds:
(So lightnings play them in the midnight sky;
Now mingling, now distinct, the peaceful fires
Do dance in mazes martialed in lines).

Thrice twelve fair Cupids follow'd, who's rich arms
Were gold-refranged, and pale silver plumes,
This hand an arrow, *that* a bow design'd;
Their wings of variegated changing lights:
Their form infantine beauty, (such in heav'n
With smiles persuasive win th' eternal Sire.)

Hence marriage followed, two of sister cheer,
Which oft' seem'd vision'd unisoned one!
But nearer *he* of manly mein appear'd,
Majestic with a smile, which look'd on heaven

As claim'd alliance; beauty and strength combin'd
To enrich the august minor of great Jove:
She mov'd a wonder! of such charms and grace,
Such symmetry and softness, and such eyes!
As beam'd th' radiance of a thousand loves!
He held a flail, erected as he trod
(Of silver intwined with th' golden grain),
She saw his soul within the speaking eye,
And smil'd *or* gaily *or* concerned smiled,
As *he* who loved, gave her to conceive!

There followed angels, *these* upheld th' vine,
In all the blushing honours of the grape;
There milk-white heifers led they, whose tip'd horns
Wore Nature's garland of the milk-white rose;
There held they blooming hawthorn and woodbines,
There chaplets of green wheat adorn'd the brows,
And *there* carnations, (of young blushing swains;)
There pass'd a model of commercial cares,

A ship of ivory; but the slack'ned shrouds,
The masts unjointed, and the unfurl'd sails,
Bespoke the vice neglected, (which enslaves,
Nor freedom cultures, but with avarice joins,
And chases blissful husbandry from earth!
And will be, till the fiat of Great Heaven
Restore the earth and commerce to high Jude!)

Again were seen a numerous choice of youths
Claspt in green vestments of refulgent silk,
(Its wreaths of silver were,) th' indulged eye
Saw the immortals, agile as the down
That floats upon the pinions of th' winds;
Fair postures seem'd they, as 'twould teach to earth,
In *which* and *which* leys elegance (*which* heaven
Has lock'd within the human form, *since* Greece
Fell from her greatness, and the rude born North
Gave savage awkward rusticity to man)
Now lead the mystic measures *as* the isles

Do practiue in the ocean of the South;
Now as in Italy, and *now* where climes
Hang the luxurious palm-tree and the sun
Is hail'd embleming heaven—in the dance;
Arabian measures—*or* th' enchanting mein,
Which bless'd the islands of the fair Levant;
There firm position, ballanc'd by an hair!
Shows the adjusted beauties, which the Sire
Hath wond'rous, assembled in man,
(Or granted to the angel as his mind
Doth look and wish it!) The better hand
Bears th' effulgent Javelin; the shield
Of radiant glory doth, the other hide;
The measures phyrric, and the phyrric dance
Of manly graces capable, *in* lines,
In columns opposite, and squares and files,
Quick mov'd! or solemn, as th' armourer's chime
Of beaten shields and javelins advance,
In concert, holding homage to the time.

The ages followed—*This* when Saturn thine
Was call'd the golden, as th' emblem'd earth
By firmknit manhood emblem'd, did outshine,
Seem'd near angelic; *on* the ruddy brow
Nor care was wrinkled, nor the sallow eye
Bespoke death-tained luxury,—but bold
In conscious innocence, the soul as free
To beam forth lusture *as* the ambling wind
To play upon the spices of the South!
He view'd, nor fear'd the mighty thunderer!
But eye uplifted at the Father God,
Look'd and reclined him, smiling at his Sire!
The age that followed, *as* the day far dawn,
And ruddy nature ripen'd, when the blight
(Of manhood slacken'd,) furrows in a line
Along the cheek ennamelled *by* a flood
Of swollen blood, which streaks the marked lines
Nor as the golden feathered age did seem
But as when mingling (*nor* class'd) did chime

But virtues wed to vices, each appeared
This vice a virtue, that abash'd for vice,
Now seem'd *he* angel, now an hideous sprite,
Now cloathed in aerial vestments *as* divine,
Which floats upon the azure of the skies,
And *now* in blackness dim'd *they* as th' eye,
Saw the deep mists condence the playful light,
Whose flashes, seam the darkness of the gloom;
Himself seem'd conscious! *Now* th' beaming eye
Pierc'd through the convex, whither throned Jove
Sits high, an umpire, grateful to the Sire,
And self-complaisant; *now* cast into a gloom,
Condemn'd and fearful, doth th' averted eye
Look, shame and horror, as the trembling knee
And groan unuttered, labours at the heart.

An age of iron followed, callous, unfed,
Of frigid look! (the expressive face of Eve,
Had fled it heavenward); now iron pride

Swell'd not the ducts of sympathy, *nor* show'd
A weeping feeling: but a thousand woes
Pass'd on unnoticed. It once was held
Nor *unseraphic*, when the distant friend
Travell'd to weep, at raging of the wind!
When white age, laboured, or the swain respired
His sighs unanswered! *when* unhous'd, th' kine
Had stood the horrors of the midnight storm;
When vintage chear'd not, or a cherub spread
(The bliss of married harmony) its arms
Cold and out stiffen'd, 'mongst th' numbered dead
Now like an untam'd savage, savage man,
Nor weeps for infant, *nor* for blasted vine,
Nor kine unhoused, *nor* lover when he sighs,
Nor age deserted, *nor* the raging wind,
When friends do travel, urges him to weep:
Strangers defrauded, travellers beguiled,
Oaths hard in blasphemy, devils which intwine
(And mimic heaven's extacy) in love:

Parents insulted, friends red'ning with ire,
Steels stain'd with murder, or the midnight air
Rent with the shrieks of virgin ravishments;
Nor fields of bleeding thousands, do appall
Or touch with tears compassionate, *a Man*!
Insensible and harden'd; on him spread
Were Grecian mantles, which of spirit *spet*
Here, lofty Europe, clad in scarlet *seem'd*
(Wove on th' garment), on her head a tower
Of threat'ning steel furbished, *her* proud eye,
Beheld contemptuous, Africa! *her* hand
A chain of Iron, (with work'd silk o'erspread,)
Held trembling Atlantic, *who* rever'd
For specious precedence—her gleaming head;
Nor say who cast them—For the cloudy seas
Which spread to India, hid in glossy shades,
On silk refulgent, in th' drapery's ground.
Amazing China!—colony of Ham,
Saved from the gleanings of the golden year,

The Sire of iron tears, the mantle held,
And careful eclips'd China in its folds!

A tripod followed, self-moved by innate fire
Each angle imag'd, *here* the silver horse,
Here the black Afric, here the savage Russ;
(Last fiat of bloodshed, when th' trembling tow'rs,
And war and starred dignities expire,)
A floor of sapphire (bear they) on which a seat
Of Ivory fretwork, round which golden rods
And clasps of rubies, bore the lawn of snow
(With silver spangl'd, *curtaining* the power),
A sheet of silver nitred, (as the flood
Which forms the frozen cataract,) doth bend
In silver willows, nodding o'er the throne,
As *it* is moved, responsive they retire!
'Twas *here* the Eternal father of the skies
Decreed to honour, *emblems* of that time.
When ages golden fresh the wearied earth.

Three spirits follow'd, whose matured age
Bespoke their wonderous thinking: thoughts sublime!
The angels gazed with rapture, for the Sire,
Whose light is knowledge, had from dawn of days
Shed light upon them, ambient and fine,
(As the quick breakings of the northern sky),
It pointed round them, 'twas *these* inspired
Thee, mighty Homer, matchless bard divine,
And thee great Virgil, and the Albion choir,
Thee mighty Milton, and great Thomson thine,
Pope, Dryden, Chatterton, and thee sweet Burns;
Child legitimate of fancy *Shakespeare* Thou,
And bards of language and of song unknown,
Whether within the forest woods of Thule,
The Northern, Indian, Asian; or how
When bards Arabian, swell'd the thrilling lyre:
When Ossian wander'd, *or* th' trembling Druid
Felt the inspiring finger of his God!
Great Homer followed, on whose sparkling eyes

Surpassing peace, surpassing pleasure seem'd
To bear the binding laurel on his brow,
To list to angel's plaudments which dwell
And throng with ceaseless harmony th' ear.
" Hail! Homer, say they, celestial mortal, hail!"

" And Virgil follow'd—Virgil hallow'd, hail!"

Milton follow'd—" all hail! thee Milton, man
" Divine inspired! when the iron age
" Had pass'd its midnight, and the hallow'd earth,
" With dawn of age Saturnian did seem
" To glow with blushing smiles th' east of heaven."

Anon we found———
A tribe of vision'd banners! *such nor* knew
The chains of Asia, grander than the climes
Most favour'd see *thee* Orion, *or* th' stars
That cluster in the galaxy, are held

When Herschel views th' ripenning of pow'r
Fairer than morning when th' tumelous east
Sheds forth perfum'd vermilion, (as th' light
Gabriel crossing charms th' scented earth,)
Was't colours condenc'd on the slender cloud,
Or visions fanciful, *as* from th' mounts
Appears the circled rainbows! or of gems
Most cost and rare like, spangled into stars,
And dusty as the Lactean with lights!
Most wonderous seemed they! *each* upheld
By female beauties, *on* a silver wand,—
Beauties how godlike! who are beauty's self!
Of vision heavenly, surpass'd and fair,
As fair ones earthly Candace's *surpass'd*!
Such shapes, and movements! such the ardent eye
Rich in a piercing radiance as leaves
Th' angel pow'rs astonish'd! gracious pow'rs!
What magic in the mirror of their face!
Laughing, and happy! facinating fairs!

Whose attitudes *but* varied, elegance!
On one rich banner, dancing to the wind
Was "Love," inwork'd "Peace," on another wrought
"The family of Love," and "Brothers," shined
Two other banners—*There* "Benevolence,"
"Gentleness," "Harmony," & "Goodness," There
"Joy unceasing," "Philantrophy,"—There shone
"Celest'al Meekness," "Liberty divine,"
"Sire of Equality," "Wisdom," "hail! Virtue,"
"The fount of Pleasure," "Prudence," and firm
"Truth,"
"Extatic Sciences," "Music's vast pow'rs,"
"Father of Concord," "Brothers of the choir,"
"Celestial Masonry," "th' great Architect,"
"Sacred to Jove's creation," "From (the star
"That men call) Sirius," "From Aldebaran,"
"From Cassiopeia," "From th' golden pole,"
"From Pollux," "From Cepheus," and "from
"Mars."

" From silver Venus," " From Olympian Jove,"
" From Saturn," and " from Mercury," "The Sun,"
" Arcturus," " From Pegasus," " Procyon, "
" Alcair," and " Hydra," " Rigel," "Ophiuchus,"
" Fomalhaut," "Zagaye," th' "Crossiers' "Toucan,"
" Andromeda," " From Lyra," " From the Swan,"
" From th' Pleiades," " th' Hyades," " Achernar,"
" Bootes," "Sagittæ," "Libra," "Capella,"
" Auriga," " Aries," " Delphini," *There*
" Aquila," " Perseo," " Herc'les," "Pavo,"
" Mirach," " Algenib," " Menkar," " Bellatrix,"
" Alphard," " Regulus," " Aliath," " Virgo "
" Antares," " Algethi," " From Rastaben,"
" Makab," & " Castor. " Then five thousand fairs,
Each fair as angels, but of infant size,
(Yet grown and perfect), each a golden wand,
Held out projected, from *whose* point a ball
Hung, trembling of silver; *each* attir'd
In fancies various, *as* th various states

They *came* from tokened, *the* pendant balls
Bore names celestial, *or* of moons which change
Their lights, upon their primaries and move
In wond'rous motions round the 'versal world.
There followed, *one* majestic in his form,
Of voice, loud as a brazen trumpet, clear
As are the water-falls of Ethiop' Nile,
The heaven-like concave, shuke ! as he respir'd.
His voice in metre, to *the burden'd verse.*
All heaven was silent! for his brazen lungs
Heave forth such thunder, with such magic dress.
As rivetted attention, from the powers
Inured to all creation ! yet th' song
Was joined spontaneous *by* attendant verse,
Myriads of beings swelling on the sound,
Myriads of cons'nant voices ! magic sounds
Which *fill* the rapturous choruses (*nor join*
The voice unburden'd, *that* " Ishmael " *thine*
Reciting all things *as* " Praise him ye powers,

Who first had being on the human earth,
In state progressive rising! from the dawn,
When all was weakness; when th' simple mind
Could doubt th' power of providence in Jove,
Until *now* mighty! *ye*, as Gods in power,
Can point th' ponderous planets out their course!
Ye clear and limpid torches, when fair night
Extends her empire, ye erratic stars!
Who passing through th' Zodiac in your hours,
Or be it morning, when with twinkling light
Mercury opens wide for coming day
The pearled portals of the golden east;
Or Venus, all refulgent, over heaven
Sheds wavy silver upon sable night;
Or Mars, in awful grandeur, his red blaze
Contrasts to Orion—beauty, *or* th' Moon,
With crescent fading, chills th' freezing morn,
And smiles in silence at the hoary frost;
Or thou, most placid Jupiter! when years

Have placed thee near to Pollux, in thy nights
Contesting for the mastership of stars!
Or paler Saturn, *thou* of dimer rays,
Deceiving calculators, as thy train
Of Satellites attend thee, and thy bound
Is yet expanded by a circling ice!
Speak forth and publish the eternal praise
Of that Great Being, whose creative word
Produc'd ye! when he bade, divide and rise
The waters from the firmament beneath."
Ye chrystalized mirrors! *all* which stud
Th' expanse of heaven *to* beautify th' night,
To render back to nature solar fires,
To tell th' potent and almighty One
(As wheels do men!) the cycles and the times,
And *to* deceive with proofs, deistic minds,
Who, all neglective of the word revealed,
Would charge with lies th' verity of heaven!
Praise him who made you all, ye gems of light,

By his word only! (not from atoms form'd,)
And rules within creation. *Thus a* man
Rules all his earthly system *by* his will—
His mighty will! which bids the arms extend,
The feet advance, the eyes to see, the ear
To open! speaking like a God sublime
To all the Microcosm; *so* great Jove
Who was your prototype! rules, by vast pow'r,
Producing instant! *all* his wisdom wills!

Praise him ye numerous hells which do repine,
Laps'd in the blaze of evils—worlds of ire
More numerous than the first states, more outcast
In darkness gleaming—or when ye passing view
The heaven ye've injur'd in refusing good,
Which Jove all equal portion'd out, with power
To chuse and follow, whither as ye would!
(*But* like the bounteous islander that sees
Ships pass terrific rocks, he hies amain

And places numerous beacons on the beach !)
He gave you wills to choose—and further shed,
Reveal'd effects ! which wonderous follow *would*
The various causes of your various choice,
Of laws most equal, beneficiently good :
Do *this*, and health and happiness intwin'd
With spirits chearful—luxurious taste, and joy,
And mind angelic, peaceable, *and* love,
And science smiling, open arts, attires
Forth clading, like doth heaven, seasons mild
With dew and verdure ; as thy flocks and kine,
Thy own loins cherubs, *like* the chearful stars,
Beaming around thee all their ambient lights ;
Thy harvests golden sped, thy laughing vines,
Blushing and hiding, cluster'd, the ripe grapes ;
Thy friends, thy brothers, whose congenial strife
Shall be to please thee ever ! (as thy sire,)
Thy stores collected, shall autumn load'd jeer !
And mock its useless produce with their wealth :

All nature working for thee, shall agree,
To open treasures teeming from th' fount
Of Jove! creator of creative fire!
High and capacious shall thy wond'ring soul,
With knowledge wond'rous, view itself,—and when
Its earthly shell (soul clothing as the tribe
Of snails do clothe them) useless is declin'd,
Th' spirit attracted by its like shall fly
And join (ecstatic bliss) the cent'ral head.

This do—and horror follows! curse on curse
Will wing them rapid! chiding warning ires,
Nor spirits chearful, luxurious taste, nor joy;
Nor mind angelic, peaceable, nor love,
Nor science smiling open, arts, attires
Forth clading, like doth heaven, seasons mild
With dew and verdure!—nor flocks, nor kine,
Nor children *like thee*, beaming as the stars;
Nor harvests golden, nor the laughing vines,

Nor friends *as* brothers, nor creative Jove,
Shall open visions on thee from his fount,
But breathing, blast thee with avenging ire!

Thy spirit vexed, broken, and forth led
Naked from virtue—disappointed, sad,
Peevish, and moping, *shall be*, as thine heart
With trembling stricken frightfully and wild;
Astonishment and *madness shall* beguile
Thy soul of peacely thinking!—doubtful life
Shall hang most fearful on thee—as thine eyes
With sorrow failing, though ap'rensive night
Shall nor permit unto thy painful foot
An ease of moment!—*Of* taste depraved,
Nor waters chrystal, nor new milk-divine,
Nor luxur'ous appetite,—*but* subtle fires,
Heart heating and destructive—poisoned viands,
And painted nauseates shall (thy surfeit soul
Most loathing!) creep *on to* thy wreathed bow'ls

And wring diseases on thee!—fevers shall burn,
And inflammations rack thee—consumption spawn
And breed upon thee,—blasting and dew
From sprite and haggards, almost breathless leave,
And labouring as with asthma shalt thou die!
Or children stubborn, vex thee to the soul,
Unheedful mock thee! as the locust's pour
In clouds around thine harvests, and destroy;
Or floods shall waste thee, or tremendous fires
Shall fright thy sterile heavens. (as *the* roll
Of bursting thunders terrifies the storm!)
Trembling and stricken shall th' disgusted earth
Bear thee a burden—*as* the running scab,
And stinking blotch, shall loath thee and retire!
To leave thee rotting, for the deep dug grave:
Thy likeness, Hell, with magnet spells shall hold,
Receive, and class thee in her vast abyss!

Praise Him ye fathers, and ye matrons praise!

Say to your listening offspring as *they* eye,
And listen to the reason of your speech,
That nature's father *is* as good as wise:
Feels for the tortured insect—*doth* out pour
The floods of terrene plenty—*is* the sire
Of all their brethren, whether in the clime
Of peopled China, snowy Lapland; *where*
The equinoctial islanders, in light,
Dwell 'midst its lightnings! *or* the frozen air
Crowds round cold Greenland; *or* at Labrador,
Where Afric breeds the dragons 'midst th' ruins
Of Carthage and her empire; *or* beguil'd
By faith of Europe, in th' Indian climes,
The black eyed natives linger on a life
Bereft of all their native liberty!
Or, slave-made negroes, woolly-headed, wear
The chain most galling—say *to them* that age,
When whitened its locks hang, *should* inspire
With awful reverence! *say* th' numerous isles,

And massive continents, from th' far spread poles,
All are *his* birthright, as he hath out-lived
His compeer generation! so incline,
And bow to virtuous agedness their head:
Teach them strict honour; teach them sacred love,
For truth untainted; teach them fond desire,
And arm protecting, gentleness and care
For earth's fair angels! the attracting fair;
Teach *them* manhood, *and to th'* expanded mind
Fraught with all knowledge, *choice* respect *to* yield,
To *learn* attractions from th' fairy charms
Of undefiled nature:—*Be it* ease
Of moving elegance, *or* fairy taste, or powers
To shake the soul with music, or with eyes
Of sweet confusion, feel what's honour'd love!
Say, nor doth Bacchus, nor mad Momus, say,
Nor Ate, Achille's,—fur'ous Alecto,
Acidalia, Juno, Laverna,
Busiris, Discordia, Sthenobesa,

Nor Silenus, *approves, th' eternal mind!*
Learn *thence*, they hate *them*, (as almighty Jove,
Nor smiles propitious at abused power,)
But Aglaia loves (*he*) Agenoria,
Apollo, Bolina, Calliope,
Joyful Cerealia, and Maturna,
Melliæ and Mellona, Occator,
Orpheus, loves *he*, and Penelope,
And Pomona, and Rhadamanthus, *he*,
Auspic'ous Terpsichore and Vitula.

Praise him ye ministers who hold the lyre,
Strung with "glad tidings," "harmony of peace;"
Say, (as ye're holy,) that "the will of Jove
(Preach'd from your sybils,) is fraternal love;"
"*Joy* least conceived," and "the bliss of Gods!
Made known to earth;" a manna for the soul,
What most that honoured is, of seraph powers
Yourselves must preach it, aye, *in lives nor blam'd*,

For avarice, injustice, nor for crimes
Ungenerous, inhospitable; stain'd
With selfish wanderings, gluttony or lust:
But all humility, with gentle power,
Compassionate and worthy, *be* allied
To honour'd virtue: *Is* th' desperate man—
Bent chief on suicide? *Say*, Omnipotence
Nor hinders, but, rewards the daring crime.
With what's its desert full; *nor* say repine
At waring evil, treading on the good;
But say, (and be encourag'd, for thus heaven,
When *evil* swift as leopards, and as cruel
As are th' tearings of th' evening wolves,
All good surrounding,) the olympian God
Seizes its legions, lifting them on high,
And dashing them with fury on *the* rocks;
Which form'd of adamant their ragged heads
Lift 'midst the whirlings of th' stygian flood!

To female innocence, when most opprest,—
Deceiv'd, where trusting,—scoffed at, and scorn'd,
With base upbraidings, by th' man she loves!
When villains triumph, marriage rites misled,
When sickness 'palls the roseate fading cheek,
Dims the bright eyes, and on th' faultering tongue
Hangs starting melancholy. *Say* that thou
Art mission'd from the Father of the loves,
That *he* nor fails affection! but forth led
By him, in high Elysium, to th' bow'rs,
Where fairer beings dwell them: mighty powers,
In whom is center'd human forms divine!
There, true as the ascension of the sun,
More certain than the seasons, shall they dwell:
Her friends and lovers; as *her* Father, Sire,
Still, still shall lead her to the fount of love.

If honour languisheth, and th' woe-worn man
Sighs as thou passes; make *thy face* as heav'n,

To beam benevolent, fraternal joys:
Say, (as he cautious ventures thee with speech),
And shows how honesty is basely used,
Deceiv'd, when least expected! when the joy
Of watching gratitude, *nor realized* but 'pall'd
With cruel dealings; *or* anxious for a friend,
He wasted ages, as *that* friend—a fiend,
Repaid his servings by prodigious guile!
How her he loved, (as love doth the true bird,
Which moves with plaint melody the night,)
Amazed, he saw betray him! as his heart
Started and open'd, anguish'd with the sight!
Nor, rich became he, (honesty was fled,
And, all the world, the solitary scorn'd!)
Say, Jove doth honour, *such* in the vast sky
That lights the world celestial; and, that *he*
Now, singly, standing on th' accused earth,
Shall hence, head legions, (which th' light which

spreads

From, heav'n to heav'n, from there to th' mundane orb
Shall gender virtue from it, till the earth,
As one great harvest, smiles upon her Sire ;)
And form'd by suffering, shall th' seraph throng
Rule, as the seniors of probity.
Say, to the chained patriot, nor grieve,
Nor think thee friendless, (as the dæmon power
Wrests to enslave thee !)—on the Eden hills
Are myriads like thee, equal all,—they shine
As stars of Libra, beaming love and joy,
At feasts most rare and mental; as the whole
Seems (to a passing angel,) one vast light !
But nearer view'd, myriads, divine,
Each like to likeness, brothers; on their brow
Sits high, philantrophy, unclouded joy,
Benevolence, and freedom ; *and* such power
As would the hells most tremble, should they dare
To introduce a tyranny in heav'n !

Let virtue love thee,—let not thine eye
Turn cold and lifeless from the wretched hut,
That feels the drizzling of the winter's rain:
Thy duty's godlike,—to sooth, to aid,
Fly 'midst the winter and the ruthless storm;
By meekness, hold in adamant, vast rage;
By bearing kindness, the obdurate win;
By *scenes*, the drunkard; *by* truth, who lies;
By gentleness of speech, the boiling ire;
By all-forgiving, *she*, (the harlot!) led
Through hopes perfidious!—*or* th' sullen thief,
Both loath'd, and *both* deserted, *both* receive!
And, oh! ye teachers, shun the damning power
Which most besets ye,—"Greediness of self!"

Praise Him, ye goat-herds, *who*, in lofty climes,
'Midst rugged mountains, (underneath, the clouds,
At distance hiding the polluted earth,)
Live most to please him; who, nor cares,

Which eat as canker on the sighing soul;
Nor gloom, nor vic'ous cities do approve;
But gay and chearful, frolicsome and glad,
'Midst laugh and healthful gambolings, and rhyme,
Spoke at your meetings by th' rural poet:
Friendship, affection, beaming in the eye,
Of arch look'd nymphs! *who*, by their wooers led
Dance to th' Hymen'al altar, which is bright
And happy as the chrystal star of eve;
Nor misted o'er with smoak and pestilence:
Or ruddy fathers, with their progeny,
Playing at noontide on the sloping hill,
(As *they are benched*,) underneath the vine,
Which spreads its tendrils o'er the clay-built cot,
Below the umbrage of, two aged oaks:
Or when, 'midst vintage, paint like bacchanals,
The jest is passed, which th' neighbouring wood
Reiterates with laughter, as the press
Floods out the produce of the swollen grape;

Or spading up the terrace, which, on hills,
Labour has formed, for the choice hale seed;
Or, resting th' aching foot upon the sho'el,
Repeats the news of yester passed e'en,
Brought by the stragling goat-herd, when his ewe,
Fright'ned by the rolling of th' broken rock,
Had run him *far* as to the lake and vill';
Where 'twas said, " that *Crocus* come up from th' war,
" Had yet wed Jennet, and the silver lake
" Was spread with streamers, frolic, mirth, and joy."
Such peace loves Jupiter; nor dare the clouds
Obscure his smiles of heaven in the sun.

Praise Him, ye fishers, who, in dead of night,
Sit watchful at the murmur of the waves,
Far in the offing out; as heaven's stars
Blaze all above ye! and yonder light,
Like a far meteor, points the distant shore;

Ye list to heaven-made music, or ye see
The gulls, adventurous, cloud th' silver moon;
Or, see her 'midst still silence reach th' star,
More from her, eastward, proving to the sight
Nor she moves, westward *only*, *nor* the earth
Turns on a labouring axis to the east!
Ye see the rapid messengers *to earth*
Dart from the spheres upon a falling star,
And reach, 'midst midnight sleep, the silent orb!
Or list! to distant thunder, which some fiend,
Vexed and envious, mutters at their flight!
Or, see far distant, swelling on the view,
A merchant's vessel, which from under earth
Hath months been mounting up from distant clime,
(Where heat is winter, and the summer sun
Scorches like lightning,) *viewing* all their route,
And hail'd by them *as passing* with "What news?
"How live the nations?—How far is land?
"How fares our merchant? *Or*, th' anxious voice,

" Is that thee, Philip?—How's my truest wife?"

Praise Him ye monsters of that liquid deep,
Who, careless of futurity do roll,
Uncheck'd by foolish fear 'midst varied joy;
Whose laugh heaves wat'ry mountains, and whose play
Lashes to frothiness the hilly brine!
Now swells th' track of ocean as ye pass,
And *now* in eddy whirlpools, the abyss;
Or, playful dolphins, or th' enormous whale;
Or kakren's back, which, meadows for great whales,
Doth find and feels not! or lesser fish,
Which, looking up the hemisphere, behold
The great Omniscient extend his arm,
And, with his finger, mark th' astonish'd deep
A tract in which to sail them! as far lands
Ungrateful think not, lo! when shoals push shoals,
Throng'd round the sea-girt island, and invite

The jaded villiages, o'erpow'd, to fish.

Praise Him, ye savage natures, who 'midst woods
And forests endless, watch the moving clouds,
Couch'd at your dens, observant *for* when rain
Shall fill th' exhausted basons; *or*, desire,
With all impatience, when th' ripen'd nuts
Shall nuture milk-like; *or* th' berried trees
Produce their treasure; *or* the birds their eggs;
Or, disappointed, maddening with ire!
'Midst rage ungovern'd, rush upon the plain,
And seize the feeding buffalo's, unhe'd,
Tug with their brassy sinews, nor forego
The bloody contest, till th' labouring ox
Sinks, weak beneath you, bellowing such cries
As fright the shaking forest, and the stream,
That flows the valley, hastens on its bed!

Praise Him, ye minds high tutor'd, *once* of earth,

But now th' favourites of happier skies,
Whose pow'r (exalted by, of all supreme,)
Hath made you wond'rous for he smiles to see,
As ye th' paths elysium tread, that flow'rs
Spring suddent after! od'rous sweets and flow'rs;
Your *look* refreshing nature; as the song
Of joy congenial bursts from the sweet choir
Th' fluttering songsters, where of wood or bow'r,
With colours of inimitable dyes,
Soft purples, golden vari'gating hues,
'Midst happy frolic, darting on the wind:
Or, scenes of new creation, which on earth
Would seem as magic palaces spoke up!
Or Greek or Chinese, may super'or moulds,
Such as ne'er heaven taught (as yet) to man,
Vast, in their chambers, various and grand;
Say cloth'd with sattin silver-fring'd, as dyed
Of lustrous yellow; sofa-ed, entire
(With white) *such* trimm'd with ardent gems and gold,

Or stain'd with taints of paradise! The walls
Plain, in compartments, the unwilling green,
(By golden rods divided;) chrystal doors,
Which slide at bidding into hidelance,
And silver pendants, *whether* th' dancing lights
Are gems or tapers, (as th' angelic mind
Wills, and it is so!)—or such be the rooms,
Where omb'rous pictures imitative life,
Seem all-creative! *for* (such the power)
Tho' fix'd and certain, yet they ever move!
And landscapes, human, ever to the eye,
Do change, until within the mundane world
Of vales most envied, distant mounts and hills,
Or foaming cataracts, or woods and isles
Which gem the bosom of the ouzy sea,
Do pass rotative!—*or* historic scenes
Fix their own data, as th' astonish'd look
Sees nations infant, youth, man, to th' decline!
Or be it Sweden, (precious to th' sire,)

Or Russ, *or* Turkey, Syria, *or* Rome,
Of views from distant states, of what's most rare.
Or views imperial, most of all most rare,
Brought, by celestial artists, from *where* Jove
'Midst vast creation spends his usual hours
In scenes ecstatic, which the highest sense,
Of highest angels, guarded by a cloud,
Of fear condensed,—awful fear, and shrunk
With awe before him! rarely *but* beholds!

Ye rooms of mirrors, pendant th' chrystal branch
Hang long, and still emits refranged fire,
Tumorous, changing! agate light, *or* now
The blaze of diamonds; *or* carbuncle red,
Mix'd with the sapphire and the green beryl.
The top, plate-glass'd, *where imitative* clouds
Now pass and throng them, as the twinkling stars
Shine, or are eclipsed, when now the moon,
'Midst rays of silver, (as the terrene moon)

Spreads from behind them! now Saturn t'hour thine,
Conjunctive splendour! *or* named of Jove,
(Or Jupiter and Saturn,) planets mild,
Shining in silent majesty by night!
Or that great belt observant, as a ring,
Embraceing Saturn, near seems brought to show,
How, o'er the abyss of unmeasur'd space,
The mighty architect the crescent joins,
When two vast bridges, whose great buttments span
Asunder, infinite, and yet conspire!
Or rooms of grandeur, where the jetty walls
Are set with precious fancies of fair stones;
There one vast diamond, shap'd as a carr,
Seems shot adown the precipice of heav'n!
Its naves, two emeralds; *its* foaming steeds,
White, of chalcedony, with golden reins,
Held by a bending seraph, (who thus sped
To rival lightning, as so will'd his Sire,)
Form'd of fair mixtures, from the ruby red,

To the rock chrystal flowered and violet;
Or *there* such climax'd beauty as ne'er earth
(Lorenzo's sculptor did) or e'er can see!
Naked and bashful *at* the breathing wind,
White and transparent, of a polish'd pearl,
Cornelian agate form'd gold dross *her* hair,
Her eyes two sister brilliants, (as fair stars)
Reflecting on the coral of her lips.

There bass relievo of a silver flood,
Pouring its streamlets round chrysolite meads,
While yellow topaz and hyacinthian corn
Seems moved by a flight of beauteous birds;
Some form'd of garnet, some of clouded onyx,
Oriental diamonds, and *opals* (found
In eastern heaven,) stud and polished,
Seam with their lights emitting! the fair floor
Lustrous of silver; around *which* doves
(Small as th' hum-bird of Columbia)

Do fly and play them ; variegate th' scene,
Above, a roof of brilliants, (such found
As seems the sun at zenith) with pure light,
Unquench'd effusion, scattered around,
Far round the gardens and th' adjacent plains.

Here move existant, as the angel mind
Doth wish and will them, forms most divine,
Of beauteous maidens and unfledged youth,
Yet but machines they! nor immortal they!
Attractive of obeisance, which *nor* speak
But look most winning at their bidding lords :

Outward, fair statues stand *on* porphyry,
In aisles of velvet verdures, downy grass,
(The sides of lime groves, orange shrubberies
Or flowering almonds, olive trees and vines,)
Themselves diversive ; *this* an emerald ;
That, a rock chrystal ; *that*, burnished gold ;

That, of an asterias, *or* beryl;
This, topaz, amethyst, *or* green diamond;
Or blazing diamond, ruby, sapphire:
Their subjects various, fitting to th' Gods,
Historic chiefly, what in nether heaven,
Or farthest state, probated or entire,
Of great Omnipotent—what scenes, what trains
From him descending, (as electric shocks
Burst over fire—shows, variegate with lights,)
Most fit their knowing; could a mortal guest
E'er be admitted, would his wondering eye
Stand all amazement! which most to admire
Th' expressive attitudes, or th' silicious gems!
Birds (of such plumage, and celestial dyes,
As only in celestial groves *can* dwell,)
Sing purely harmonic, self-taught from heav'n;
Such fragrancy, inhal'd from incense—flowers;
Sweet sons of morning, ambrosial mouths,
Whose lips perfumed coral, which respires

With sweets ecstatic, *as* all mystic airs
Play'd on the notings of the silver lute,
Shrill the soul's feeling; *or* if under ground,
Or in mid air, the celestial chords,
Faint (as the movings of the gentle leaves
Which speak and sigh them!) vibrating notes
That seems inchantment all!—*as* o'er th' trees
Young cherubs fly, blest infantine powers,
Clad in the garments of muskada rose,
(Mortals are blind, and know not what's in heav'n!)

Praise Him ye hailstones, and ye limpid lights,
That o'er the horrors of a Lapland scene,
'Midst snows perpetual! and lengthened hours,
Of weeks—of night, spread out your vail
To chear by foretype of a better bliss:
Ye shocks, which roaring in the Greenland seas,
From the split mountains of prodigious ice,
Make the whales tremble, as their heads (of pine,)

The monsters lift to view th' tremendous cause,
Or plunge affrightned through the boiling deep.
Ye harvests praise Him; and ye dangling vines;
Ye tribes of insects, whether in your loves,
Or loves relative, gallantries or sports,
Sailing on breezes, or on solar fire;
Held by the moon-beam, which your tender wings
Beglues and holds till morning; when untranc'd
Ye dart most gaily, *or* in th' ev'ning dance
(Knowing less man, than men the spirits know,)
Change and rechange; symmetry's holyday,
Nor cares beguiling, but with laughing eye
Ye view unheeded future, (pattern rare!
If man be virtuous like *you* and *his sire.*)
Ye winds forth praise Him, whether in the climes
Ye breath of heaven, after heats of hell,
Fanning the fevers of the scorching day,
Or waft the navies, *or* the storm out-ride,
Whirl'd by the tempest from olympian heights;

Or slyly moving, kiss th' amorous corn,
Or gale or breeze, hurricane, or zephyr.

Praise Him ye earthquakes, ye tremendous powers,
Seizing as ye are bid! or unknown groves,
Or cities, hamlets, or the thronged clans,
Or moving tremulous the vasty earth,
From equinoctial to th' extreme poles,
Shaking with ague! Praise Him *his* power,
Or gulphy opening for the guilty tribes,
Or dashing rocky fragments form the heights
Of Alps, or Andes! *Praise* Him ye fires
That vomit oceans, as the ashy sky
Hides all but molten rivers from th' sight;
Ye *tempests* that dissolving nature roll,
Midst hail and sulphur! floods tremendous pour'd
From water-spouts, unmerciful which tear
From earth her mould, (as hairiness) and scalp
Down to the barren scull of pointy rocks,

For ages hidden from, the gaze of day!

Praise Him who are his terrene spirits, sped
From heaven to earth, ye regencies, ye pow'rs
Mission'd or tutor'd, river gods, or groves,
Spirits most ærial, or of fire or flood;
Wing'd on the lightning, *that* the blast dissolve
And pass it *harmless where* virtue un'pall'd
Lies sleeping in the cottage near the deep,
Or carr'd 'midst darkness, as the thunder storm,
(Exists about ye!) bridling ye roll!
Or when the sprites accursed form a pact
As virgins dream them, rift' with fell power,
And malice cruel, haggard-like, with spells
Press on the breast hard labouring, and affright,
With horrid spectres, clammy sweats and damp
Which fuse the vivid dreamer; *as they* laugh!
Ye come protectors, then the dæmons fly,

(Struck with your presence) down, the steeps of hell,

When ye, but touch the silky threaded mind,
And change the working motives, *till* the man,
Altering his purpose, *pass* the flooded fens,
Hears! the heart groanings of the stranger, found
'Midst water, perishing! where ruthless fiends,
(Robing, 'midst woundings,) had intomb'd for dead;
Or guarding innocence, as when the bard
Of proud Mancunium, 'midst threat and ire,
Unfeeling, cruel, accused *was* (and held)
Before unheeding justice, of a crime!
Adjudg'd to be suspected!! Then *ye* Gods
Flew at the beacon of olympia's Sire,
And down to earth brought justice for the bard.

Him praise ye spirits, who attractive hold
To earth the antipodes, as on the ceil
Ye hold, by vital force, th' unwing'd fly,

Or when day rises, on the shadow'd earth,
Ye play as fairy visions upon light,
Binding refraction to the crepuscle;
Or fixing horses *of it* to the winds,
'Midst carrs of silver, buoyant o'er the clouds
Ye fly! at twinkling of the southern stars;
Or, bind the sun with sackcloth! or th' moon
Hang in the shadow of th' curved earth;
Or, hold in nets unnotic'd the vast seas,
Which headlong, rushing from the equinox,
Else would all deluge urging to the poles,
(As when the earth was shaken in its seat,
And Noah saw the inundating flood;)
Or when th' ecliptic, Pisces and Luna
Agree to travel mutual, *ye* bind
The signing parties with an harvest moon;

Or spirits praise him, weighing winter storms,
Ice, hail, or tornados, when maddened winds

Scarce bear ye're reining! urging to the earth;
Or when e'er morning, Procyon is seen
To rise majestic, in the eastern sky
Ye follow! sowing seeds of latent fires,
Or warning Nilus, as the wing-stretch'd hawk
Flies to the verdant Abyssannian hills;
Or round the galaxy your silver plumes
Dart radiant star-beams! from th' gates of bliss
Roads to th' elysiums of eternal Jove:
Or, breathing life, wish (as ye observant smile)
On the fecundity of Aries,
Taurus and Gemini! *or* with the Crab,
Push retrograde the summer solstic'd sun;
Or fan the heated lion; *or* th' ears
Of yellow harvest, pure as virgins swell;
Or weigh in balances the loaded year
'Gainst want and famine, listening to Jove,
Which wills *he* unto earth, and *which* to heaven,
As the beams doubtful tremble in your hand!

Or with malignant look th' scorpion sting
To full swoll'n venom, who diseases breaths,
And foul distilments fester'd on its tails,
Drop after drop, to grieve the autumn'd earth;
Or early archers, hunting thro' the glade
With twanging bow, and arrows harden'd head,
Inspire to conflict 'gainst the tusked boar,
The furious lion, terrible hyæna,
The bloody jawed tygeress and lynx;
Or lift the rolling chariot of the sun,
(Of gold effulgent) up the steep of heaven;
Or ope' its sluices as distilling showers;—
Or rains, *or* winter floods, *or* cataracts
Make rivers muddy, swollen, violent,
Disturbed, rising,—rushing to the main!
Or, watch ye wonderous nature guiding sounds,
As they do shoot them 'cross th' pliant air,
Into the organs human; *or* yourselves
On rocks, speak cadences and metred sound,

But loathing th' effluvia of hell's ire,
Repeat not, what the hissing serpent breathes.
Ride ye upon the nautilus of light,
Of mixed vestments, rare and wonderous,
The fairy painted halos, *or* mock sun?
Aurora Borealis, wandering fires,
Or balls of splendour awful, which 'midst night,
Move on majestic, ominous and dire!
Or dews emboss ye, *on* th' glittering grass,
Pearls *on* the daisy, *on* cowslips diamonds?
Or, rise potentious on th' varied bow
Of sanguine jasper, green and violet;
Or, dart amidst the fire, which entwines
The bursting caverns, as the reeling earth
Amaz'd, beholds ye! burn and mount sublime!
On various flames, conjointed in mid heaven!
Or, fulminating damps, (in th' deep mine,
Hid, hundred fathoms, bowel'd in the earth,)
Shock with your flash-train! till the furnace burns

Elaborating evils, and such taints
That do corrosive subtly exhale,
Pervade, and scourge with pestilence th' air;
Or, down from heaven's origin!—enter life,
Where man is mortal, clothed be with gas,
And view th' efficient cause in th' effect!
Seeds develope of life, *be* oxygene!
Shun vegetation, with such creatures dwell
As are half vital,—half, too animal:
Or be ye nitrogene, presaging death!
Writhe the expiring mortal! him confine
To air Italic, Asia's air, or thine,
Serenest Lesbos, (isle of love and verse,
Tuned by Apollo to his trancing lyre;)
Hang on the lungs, o'erburden'd, till th' soul
Abhoring servile slavery, doth fly
Upward, exulting, to its heavenly Sire!
Exchange equilibrium with the gas,
Of spirits reciproc', *nor* burden life

With suffocation, sulphurous and hard
Or *be ye* hydrogene, oxygene join'd,
Feed on the ocean, till your lambent fires,
Amaze, and petrify!—*Then*, 'midst th' light,
Raise up the statue of Archemides!
Or live like chrystal in th' angled salts,
Form acids,—substances adhere to,—form
Alkalis, and mixtureous earths and stones,
And shells calcareous, rocks, pebbles, spars,
Burst to creation! let the swelling earth,
From what proceeds of Jove, *Jove-like* excel,
From simple granite, th' interstices swell;
Form land and water, *lift* th' ambient air,
In circumference round it, let the sky
Seem clouds, and vaporous, meteors *seem*
Or rising fibres, vesicles and pith;
Spread trees and vegetables, fruits and flowers,
Ope' earth and squander, the metallic stores

Give gold and diamonds, adhere in forms,
Of birds,—of animals,—as wonderous man!
Assimilating all things, th' astonish'd hands
Lifts up in wonder! *that* th' All-sapient Power,
Can from such rudiments, produce a WORLD! *

* End of the *specimen from* the EPISODE.

Deans and Co. Printers, Manchester.

ERRATA.

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	33	6	gems,	germes.
	6	8	erse,	ers'.
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